

NATIONAL REVIEW

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July 2, 1960

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

To This Challenge, What Response?

JAMES BURNHAM

*Lyndon B. Johnson:
Least Popular with the USSR*

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Rising Sun's Puzzling Rays

AN EDITORIAL

Articles and Reviews by G. WARREN NUTTER
COLM BROGAN • FRANK S. MEYER • RUSSELL KIRK
ANTHONY LEJEUNE • JOAN DIDION • GARRY WILLS

TEXTILE RESEARCH PLAYS VITAL ROLE IN OUR FUTURE ECONOMY

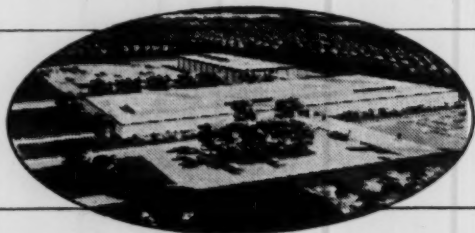


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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

Pentagon experts on Communist brainwashing techniques had estimated it would take eight months to prepare pilot Francis Powers for public trial. Now East German reports say Powers will be tried in July, indicating Powers may have proved less resistant than expected. . . . Many West Europeans unworried over Soviet threats of nuclear retaliation if they don't throw out U.S. forces. Among the reasons they give: prevailing winds from any nuclear blasts would blow fallout back over Russia. . . . Since 1956, 1,200 refugees have returned to Hungary from the U.S. Not one has subsequently been heard from. . . . One and a half million first class letters arrive in the U.S. every year urging defectors living in this country to return behind the Iron Curtain.

Barry Goldwater is No. 1 choice of Young Republicans across nation for Vice Presidency, according to a poll taken by the official Young Republican News. . . . New York Mayor Wagner's endorsement of Kennedy last week all but knocked out Stevenson-Johnson hopes of getting part of New York delegation. . . . Most expensive "Youth For" kits put out by Symington forces.

The AFL-CIO state convention in Michigan proposed a solution for state's financial crisis: a 25 per cent corporation tax on profits above 6 per cent. . . . Senate Small Business subcommittee angry over Air Force proposal to buy liquid oxygen plants (at \$7 million cost) when commercial plants can meet AF needs. . . . The 23rd Amendment (suffrage for DC) passed by both Houses of Congress, goes to state legislatures now. . . . House Committee on Un-American Activities may investigate reported Cyrus Eaton financial backing of Undergraduate Committee for Recognition of (Communist) China. Committee will ask: Is Eaton unregistered agent of foreign power? . . . Now available, through doctor's prescription, Les-Cav, a do-it-yourself fluoride preparation.

Semi-official reports say French General Massu, recalled from Algeria as result of January revolt and unassigned since then, will be made commander of French Second Military District in Lille in September. Could be move by de Gaulle to conciliate right. . . . Historical note: one hundred years ago this month, London Times correspondent in U.S. thought nomination of William Seward by Republican Convention so certain he failed to mention candidate Lincoln.

The WEEK

● REGIME WILL OWN AND RUN ALL INDUSTRIES AND BAR STRIKES, GUEVARA SAYS (headline, *New York Times*, June 19, 1960). The story is going the rounds in France that after taking Havana, Castro sat his lieutenants about him on the day he was due to designate his cabinet.

"Now let me see," he started. "Which of you is an economist?"

Ernesto Guevara put up his hand.

"You're head of the Bank of Cuba," said Castro.

"I'm *what*?" Guevara protested.

"I asked, 'Which of you is an economist?'" said Castro.

"Oh. I thought you said, 'Which of you is a Communist?'"

● Every one of the 12,000 delegates and spectators at the Republican National Convention will have a front row seat, says GOP National Chairman Morton, thanks to a closed TV circuit and two giant (750 square yard) TV screens in the front of the hall. Lots of visibility and nothing much to see.

● The Senate has voted to repeal the non-subversive affidavit from the National Defense Education Act, and replace it with a provision (advanced by Senator Winston Prouty) which makes it a crime for a Communist Party member to accept a student loan. In one sense, any Senate action to remove the affidavit is merely ritual, for the bill has no chance of being approved this year by the House Education and Labor Committee, dominated by Congressman Graham Barden (whose successor next year is A. C. Powell Jr.). However, the Senate's action has considerable symbolic significance: it will be interpreted (correctly) as a weakening of American resistance to Communism. Senator Prouty's amendment notwithstanding, the fact remains that the same Senate which in 1958 approved unanimously the non-subversive affidavit, has now removed it in 1960—and the Liberal press has made the most of it. It is a victory of unreason: a staple of modern education.

● Money was a mystery even to John Maynard Keynes, but it becomes more mysterious when a steady drop in the money supply—meaning cash in people's pockets and the total of checking deposits in the banks—is not accompanied by any marked diminution in spending, or any particular fall-off in

jobs, or any widespread phenomenon of price reduction. According to the indices (a precipitate drop in the money supply in May coming on top of a long ten-month decline), the U.S. should be experiencing deflation, with its pains (reduction in profits) and its pleasures (more goods for less outlay of cash). But in spite of shrinkage in easy-to-hand cash supplies the cost of living stays high, unions still negotiate new contracts with (at least) small wage increases, jobs are plentiful, and retail sales remain "steady to firm." One suggested reason for this paradoxical state of affairs: with the use of new accounting machines businessmen have discovered ways of handling their cash deposits more efficiently. This would allow businessmen to keep more of their funds in interest-bearing accounts and securities.

● If Congress passes a federal-aid-to-education bill this year, it will be primarily because of the pressure exerted by Mr. Nixon, who has fought House GOP leader Charles A. Halleck of Indiana, a strong opponent of school legislation, behind the scenes. Mr. Nixon feels the GOP must go into the campaign with a school measure in its pocket. Certainly there is no need for the measure; that much has been demonstrated again and again (as, for instance, in last year's study by Roger Freeman). According to the latest census, 329,800 new classrooms will be needed by 1966—but if the state and local school districts maintain their present rate of construction, 468,300 classrooms would be built by then, a surplus of 138,500; enough extra schoolrooms to accommodate all the children's pets. Office of Education statistics show, moreover, that 97 per cent of the putative national shortage exists in districts which have not yet used their full borrowing authority to eliminate those shortages. If the country is not building enough schoolrooms then, it is because the public directly involved doesn't recognize the need, or doesn't want to respond to it. Is Washington hereafter to correct the defective political judgments of its citizens?

● Congratulations to Mr. Vermont Royster and the *Wall Street Journal* of which he is editor for reprinting a series of articles on education and developing educational trends by John Chamberlain. For as long as the supply lasts, a reprint is available, free of charge (one to a customer) to anyone writing to the *Journal*, address 44 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

● General A. C. Wedemeyer suggests that British Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery "relax on his laurels within the soldiers' domain and avoid the pitfalls within the international arena." Montgomery, on a four-day visit to Red China, found "everywhere a happy, laughing people . . . seemingly contented with their lot," and suggested that Formosa be handed

to the Communists. Why then, Wedemeyer asks, do Chinese refugees continue to pour into Hong Kong and Macao? And why not also "hand over Hong Kong"? Says General Wedemeyer "To be subjected to Communist Chinese propaganda emanating from Peking, Moscow and other Communist centers is a daily experience throughout the free world, but to have it dished up and articulated by a distinguished military leader of the West is indeed difficult to swallow."

- Americans for Constitutional Action has prepared an index of crucial votes since 1955 in the Senate and since 1957 in the House of Representatives (available at \$15 each from *Human Events*, 408 First St., S. E., Washington 3). The ACA survey found 14 senators and 108 House members who have consistently supported "sound money, local self-government and free enterprise." The rest go on record as voting for the omnipotent, omniconcerned State with varying degrees of regularity. The three serious Democratic Presidential candidates—Johnson, Kennedy and Symington—all voted 80 per cent or more of the time for Liberalism.

- In testimony before the Democratic advance platform hearings, Professor Karl A. Wittfogel, renowned Far Eastern historian, recalled that both 1956 party platforms opposed Red China's admission to the United Nations. There is no reason, he added, to change that policy or to recognize the Peiping regime, for in the past four years Red China has 1) "neither repented its past crimes nor wavered from its road of enslavement and aggression"; 2) attacked Quemoy and Matsu; 3) crushed the Tibetan fight for freedom; 4) violated the frontiers of India; 5) infiltrated Vietnam via guerrilla warfare; 6) introduced the inhuman communes in China; 7) urged all Asians to "teach the President of the United States a good lesson and make his tour of the Far East as unpleasant as possible" (Chou En-lai's words); and 8) instigated the riots in Japan, which forced cancellation of the President's visit.

- Nothing, but nothing was copacetic aboard Her Majesty's submarine *Seadevil* last week, as it tested a torpedo homing device off Malta. With every man jack at his station, and doing his duty, the *Seadevil* submerged, fired and shivered in every timber after the torpedo made a nautical U-turn, homed in on the *Seadevil's* conning tower and lustily lodged itself therein. Now there's a first the Russians won't claim.

- Mme. Suzanne Labin's 48-page brochure, *The Unrelenting War*, is a concentrated distillate of her many years of effective anti-Communist struggle. Her sum-

maries of Communist objectives and methods, and her analysis of Free World illusions, are precise and specific. In her own proposals for counter-action, she presents a plan for "an Institute for Ideological Resistance to all forms of Soviet propaganda" and a correlated "League for Freedom." *The Unrelenting War* may be had for \$1.00 a copy from The American-Asian Educational Exchange, Inc., 343 Lexington Avenue, New York 16.

- Mrs. Love-thy-Neighbor (let us respect her anonymity) was so excited. This was the week she was to put up Oleg and Victor, two real live Soviet students invited to spend four days in the nation's capital before returning to Russia. Oleg and Victor arrived: one tall, one short; both beefy and nearing 50; each complete with proletarian manners, high-handed demands, a frequently-voiced contempt for all things American, including Mrs. Love-thy-Neighbor (uneducated), her martinis (too dry), her friends (dull), Mt. Vernon (unimpressive). What they *were* interested in, Mrs. Love-thy-Neighbor (somewhat-less-than-she-used-to) found after their departure, was her correspondence: the address of a Yugoslav friend, which they copied; her letters, which they read; several telegrams, which they stole. If you ask us, this is the kind of cultural exchange which would do a lot of people we know a lot of good. If Oleg and Victor could spare us another couple of weeks, we'd like to bed them down with Norman Cousins, or maybe Clark Eichelberger; or, hell, the Ford Foundation.

Puzzling Rays of the Rising Sun

1. How Many Strikes Is Out?

The blame, in the last analysis, is Dwight Eisenhower's, and he will have to bear it. There was no compelling necessity that he should visit Japan. If the President was advised to do so by his subordinates, he was under no requirement to accept their advice.

But historically, technically—humanly, we might say—the blame is shared by a good many others, and in particular by those who furnished Mr. Eisenhower with information and intelligence on the situation in Japan. If the information had been accurate, if it had not been almost incredibly inaccurate, the President would not have made his decision to go.

Conditions in Japan have been under the constant scrutiny and analysis of the Embassy and its supporting echelons in the State Department, of the military intelligence services, and of the Central Intelligence Agency. The nation has not been niggardly in supplying all these with ample funds and manpower.

How could it be that not one of them, not all of them together, had any inkling of the strength of the Japanese Left, of the nature of the student groups and trade union federation (Sohyo), the attitude of the press, the limits of police and governmental action? What is indicated is not ignorance or laziness on the part of this or that individual, but fallacies in the basic conceptions upon which our entire intelligence system operates—fallacies, that is to say, in the way our government understands the world it lives in.

Testifying before a Senate committee, Secretary of State Herter did not try to dispute the false estimate. It had been "a collective judgment," he explained,

General MacArthur Rejects the Theory Of the Impotence of Japan's Police

Immediately after the withdrawal of the invitation to President Eisenhower, it was here and there suggested that the Japanese police were constitutionally impotent to deal with the mobs. One commentator recalled that General Douglas MacArthur had called Roger Baldwin, former president of the American Civil Liberties Union, to Japan in 1947 to help draft parts of the Constitution that dealt with civil liberties; from which he deduced a paralysis of the Diet in dealing with domestic Communists. From Tokyo, *New York Times* correspondent Robert Trumbull reported that Kosaku Shinoda, a Liberal-Democratic spokesman, had at a press conference "... gently placed the blame for the recent breakdown of order on United States occupation policies—carried out under General of the Army Douglas MacArthur ... [policies that caused a] weakening of Japan and its police so that at present, international Communism can carry out its activities quite freely."

NATIONAL REVIEW wired General MacArthur, who responded in part as follows:

"I have received your message inquiring whether any constitutional provision prevents the Japanese police from preserving law and order in Tokyo. Such a concept is fantastic. The Constitution does not even mention exercise of the civil police power. ... Regulation of police is by ordinary law which is susceptible to change at any time by majority vote of the National Diet. Such law at least up until my departure from Japan did not prevent the full exercise of the police power in the maintenance of law and order."

but he gallantly, almost waggishly, added: "You can pin it on me if you like."

That ends it, then? We now go back-slappingly on our way—to the next defeat?

2. Red Cross and Ballet Dancers

There was nothing impromptu about the Japanese riots. Produced by professionals, they were thoughtfully prepared, with close attention to detail. New slogans, adjusted to the rhythm of the development, were given out each day and appeared as if by magic on placards and banners. There were armbands, scarves, lettered headbands, leaflets, in suitable numbers at the proper times and places. At regular intervals through the crowds, drill-masters and agitators were spotted to control the march, the shouting and the songs.

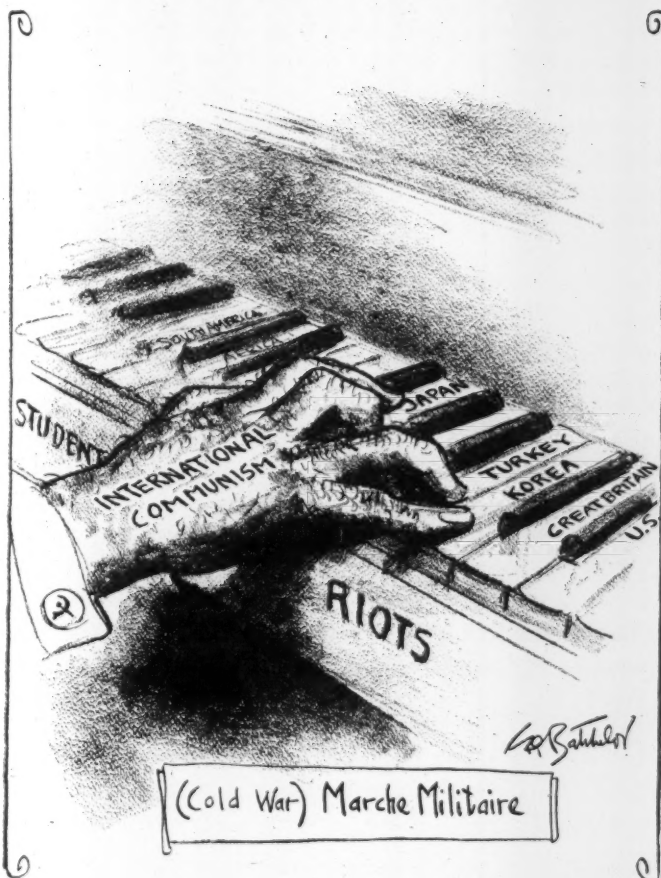
Thousands appeared in Tokyo from the provinces, and their train fares were paid. There was money for meals and trucks and buses. Active rioters were paid daily wages, with bonuses for those with special tasks, like rocking Jim Hagerty's car.

Where did all the money come from? The estimate of the cost of the past month's riots goes into the millions of dollars. It has been known for a long while, even publicly acknowledged, that very large sums have been coming from both the Soviet Union and Communist China, nominally for the Council Against Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs (the Japanese analogue of our SANE, about which Dr. Linus Pauling is currently so eloquent in his silence), the Peace Committee and various strike and "labor defense" groups. In 1959 Sanyo Nosaka, chairman of the Japanese Communist Party, brought \$100,000 back from a visit to Peiping.

Over the past year, these sums have been heavily bolstered, in preparations evidently dismissed by our intelligence services, through the wonderfully convenient channel of "cultural exchange." Mme. Li Teh-Chuan, for instance, an official of the (Communist) Chinese Red Cross, brought in \$30,000 expense money. All her expenses were in the event paid by her host, the Japanese Red Cross; but the \$30,000 was no longer with her when she left. The charming dancers of the Leningrad Ballet, as well as a number of musicians and artists, not merely brought cash with them, but in comradely fashion handed over earnings from their local performances.

3. And Lo, the Gentle Cops of Japan

A final puzzle. Just how did it come about that the riots were able to progress in size, scope and violence day by day, from rather small beginnings, without any telling resistance at any stage? As the crowds swelled, they daily gained confidence from this re-



markable lack of serious obstacle or interference.

Now there are fairly well-established tactics for dealing with crowds. In the case of a fully revolutionary situation, these can break down, but ordinarily they work effectively enough if the authorities keep their heads. The Japanese cops are pretty tough hombres: Japan is the land that invented judo and its fiercer derivatives. And there is a Japanese Army, still limited in size, but not negligible.

Why weren't the police ordered in the first days to break up the students into small groups, and thus prevent their coalescence into massed mobs? Why weren't streets barricaded, and lines of rioters diverted in detail? Why weren't more arrests made early, more heads soundly cracked? Why did it take so many days before fire hoses and tear gas, those mighty crowd dampeners, were used? Where was the army?

It is hard to escape the conclusion that the Japanese government, or more exactly the forces in Japan that support the government, never actually resolved to bring the riots to an end before they reached the point far enough along to mean cancellation of the Presidential visit. After all, Japan has been longer in continuous national existence than any other of the world's nations. Its people—warlike, self-denying as individuals, fanatic under pressure—have for many centuries regarded themselves as descended

from Heaven and destined for ever-widening imperial rule. Fifteen years ago they lost a great war of almost unparalleled ferocity—to us. It is a little too much to suppose that a few years of American occupational therapy turned them into junior Republicans and Democrats, buddies of their American pals, and unquestioning allies in—how ironic the phrase must sound in Japan!—the struggle between East and West. They may have seized this occasion for working off a few suppressed national resentments, and regaining, by a kind of implicit and bowing blackmail, an increased flexibility for maneuver.

This should not be surprising, though it grievously surprised, and shocked, the observers of CIA, the State Department and the White House, who were watching Japan through the tinted glass of their illusions.

Israel Against the Jews

Mr. Max Lerner of the *New York Post* has begun an elaborate series of articles aimed at justifying the trial of Adolf Eichmann by Israel. It all takes shape and makes sense if you will just sit back and submit to a concept of "historical symmetry," a concept crafted by Professor Lerner for the occasion; and let it not be said Mr. Lerner is unskillful at apologetics. Read his accounts during the period and you must take a cold shower to continue to oppose the Moscow Purge trials of the thirties.

But Mr. Lerner is fighting a losing battle. It is increasingly transparent that there cannot be adduced, from all the resources of Jewry, a convincing legal rationale for the trial of Eichmann in Tel Aviv. For the fourth time we say it: string the man up and let's go about our business. But let us not erect laws to celebrate our behavior.

Several prominent members of the Jewish community have spoken up against the action of Israel. More need to add their voices—to deny the mythical legal entity of World Jewry, in whose name Israel undertakes to violate the laws of Argentina, to abduct a non-citizen, and to try him for crimes committed in another nation before the State of Israel even existed. There is a sense in which the Jewish people are a transhistorical phenomenon, a venerable group, with a cultural and religious tradition that has survived the decline and fall of many civilizations: but the Jewish community is not lawmaker for the world. It does not spawn laws for the nations, organize courts, and execute sentences. The "Jewish people" is not synonymous with the geographically bounded State of Israel.

The most virulent form of anti-Semitism in America is based on the mythical Protocols of Zion,

a forged "secret" "Compact" among the Jewish people to bring down Christianity by infiltrating all the nations of the world, with the view to the ultimate domination of the world by Zion. The disease feeds on any indications of an international Jewish monolith. It is to be expected that a people with a common tradition or a common religion will continue to show group characteristics; and these the Jewish community, spread out over the world, is as entitled to show as is the Irish or the German community. But it is another matter when a state transmutes a common cultural tradition into a vibrant and prehensile legal-political apparatus. That Israel is *not* entitled to do; that it does at substantial jeopardy to those very Jewish people in whose name it so presumptuously speaks.

Justitia Longa Est

In a unanimous decision handed down June 18 by its three-judge panel, the United States Court of Appeals at Washington defended with scrupulous distinctions both the rights of citizens and the power of the legislature. At issue were eight lower-court convictions for contempt of Congress. In all of these cases the defendants had refused to answer questions concerning Communist associations that had been put to them by congressional committees. They had all based refusal, however, not on the routine plea of the Fifth Amendment, but on explicit or implied appeal to the First Amendment's free speech guarantee.

In substance, Judge Warren E. Burger's opinion rejects this use of the First Amendment as ground for silence in the face of a relevant and proper question asked by a committee of Congress in pursuance of a duly authorized investigation. That is, Judge Burger upheld the sovereign power of legislative inquiry with its corollary power to compel testimony and the production of documents, subject only to the witness' protection against self-incrimination. The court was unambiguous and specific in its declaration—with respect to the conviction of Robert Sheldon, a *New York Times* copy editor, who claimed particular First Amendment immunity as a newspaperman—that "An inquiry into a possible infiltration or subversion of the press embraces the right to command the witness to say whether he is a member of the conspiracy."

From this standpoint, with its due regard for the public interest, the appellate court upheld Sheldon's conviction and punishment (fine and a jail sentence) along with the similar convictions and sentences of William A. Price (former *N. Y. Daily News* reporter), Bernard Deutsch (nuclear scientist), Herman Liveright (former TV program director), Norton Anthony Russell (engineer), and John T. Gojack

(official of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers Union). Because of procedural faults and the failure of the respective committees to make explicit the nature, scope and objectives of their questioning, the court reversed the convictions in the cases, so hotly publicized a few years ago, of the librarian Mrs. Mary Knowles of Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania, and the former Philadelphia school teacher Mrs. Goldie Watson.

Abstractly considered, the decisions commend themselves to a juridical conscience. But there are revealed some rusty links in the nation's protective armor: seven years it took these cases to reach the Court of Appeals—with the defendants meanwhile unpunished, and at liberty to pursue their own paths. During that period neither Congress nor any court has yet found out what their relation to the Communist conspiracy in fact was, or is. Mesdames Knowles and Watson now go totally free, with their stories unprobed, and no explanation given of the sworn testimony that they were Communist Party members. And finally, nothing—not even the power of Congress—is even yet finally adjudicated. The Supreme Court, Earl Warren presiding, is still to be heard from.

One Year to Blackmail?

The U-2 should fly again: that is the contention of this journal, and, we are assured by an anonymous interview in *U.S. News & World Report*, a group of important military and State Department officials. According to the interview, two blocs have formed within the government. One, composed of technical, political and military officials, calls for a resumption of reconnaissance flights for crucial intelligence reasons. The other, composed primarily of high-ranking State Department officials such as Charles Bohlen and our Ambassador to Russia, Llewellyn Thompson, is afraid, as ever, to offend Russia.

Unfortunately, the latter group is also the policy-making group, so that every day their word prevails the nation moves closer to the time when Khrushchev can blackmail the U.S. For while we voluntarily suspend our means of surveillance, Khrushchev will be busy relocating missile sites, camouflaging them to look like industrial factories, with a secrecy we grant him. Then, in perhaps nine months or a year (the anonymous analysts reason), he will be able to deliver the alternative: yield, or face attack by our missiles, missiles stationed at bases unknown to your military. Could this be the meaning of the nine-months postponement of "the Berlin question"?

One might ask, *will our allies allow spy flights to*

leave bases in their countries? If not, we can launch them from aircraft carriers. *Why not use the Samos reconnaissance satellite?* Its development is still years away, while Russia will replace its missile sites within a relatively short period—probably under one year. *Why worry about concealed missile sites?* *They can't conceal Moscow.* It has never been our policy to bomb civilian centers on a massive scale, and Moscow knows this. Also, our cities are more vulnerable than Russian cities, and we trail Russia in developing a civil-defense system. *What will be the political consequences if we resume flights?* None, if we keep quiet. Intelligence probes should never be made public.

Our choice, clearly, is between two camps. One bases its policy upon a realistic appraisal of continued Soviet subversion and aggression, the other bases its policy on *hopes*—hopes that Russia will be reasonable, hopes that Communist leaders have gained “security” and do not want to run the risk of war. Hopes that Communists will renounce Communism.

You Have to Make the Distinctions

Mr. Hulan Jack is the Negro president of the Borough of Manhattan, and he is these days being embarrassed in court by evidence that he received from Mr. Sidney Ungar, an avaricious contractor, certain favors which it is unseemly, not to say unlawful, for a man in Mr. Jack's position to receive from a man in Mr. Ungar's position. Mr. Ungar evidently volunteered to decorate Mr. Jack's apartment, and Mr. Jack indecorously accepted his beneficence. The jury will rule on the facts of the case, and Mr. Jack will or will not lose his office, and perhaps even his freedom for a few months; and we shall add to our store of knowledge nothing very much more than we know already, namely, that persons who exercise political power are notoriously the objects of the benevolent attention of those who stand to gain preferential treatment from those who exercise political power. *Tant pis.*

In the interstices of the trial is a more distinctive revelation. The man who actually did the decorating, a subcontractor to the munificent Mr. Ungar, testified at the trial last week that when the *New York Post* dug up the facts of the story, its reporter made a startling proposition to him. At that moment, Mr. Ungar and Mr. Jack were denying everything to the press. They were, indeed, as offended at the suggestion that anything crass had passed between them as was, last summer, Mr. Charles Van Doren at the offensive suggestion that he and his sponsors had arrived at a

very efficient Pig-Latin which could cut through the safes of the Manufacturers Trust Company. The *New York Post's* proposal to Mr. Bechtel, according to the testimony, was this: Mr. Bechtel should beguile into his apartment Mr. Jack and Mr. Ungar, and draw them into a frank conversation about their common dilemma. Their conversation would be transcribed, courtesy of a hidden microphone provided by the *Post*.

Mr. Bechtel declined, for whatever reason.

The *New York Post* is the newspaper so militantly dedicated to Death for all secret informers, for all illicit wiretappers. To be sure, its writers appear consistently to make a crucial distinction: down with all informers—except those who work directly or indirectly (as for instance the notorious Paul Hughes did) for the *New York Post*, or Americans for Democratic Action. Then they are hallowed men, on hallowed purpose bent.

It is very important to grope our way to these distinctions. For we must reach them without the exegetical guidance of some very talkative moralizers on the subject of civil liberties. We have to make the effort without the express assistance of James Wechsler, Murray Kempton, William Shannon, Max Lerner, Marquis Childs, Eleanor Roosevelt, or any other of the hawkeyes the *Post* has planted upon the ramparts of liberty.

¡Dios Mio!

Students and intellectuals in Madrid have appealed to a Bourbon king to take them to democracy—a piquant development, rather like appealing to the Jesuits to lead us to Unitarianism. But their manifesto is a fascinating reflection of the shifting relationships within a modern authoritarian-traditionalist state, recently delivered from deracinated revolutionists, grown weary of its deliverer; and turning, now, to the only viable alternative symbol of power: the son of the King the democrats exiled as their first act of office thirty years ago.

Don Juan of Bourbon, the Duke of Barcelona, is offered a throne (all this, needless to say, presupposing that Uncle Franco will cooperate) subject to 1) a national political referendum (it is not specified what the King is to do if the national political referendum tells him to get the devil out of Spain); 2) reinstatement of democracy by proclamation; 3) restoration of all civil liberties; and 4) his giving “priority for improving social and economic conditions.”

As to the first and second, there is nothing to fear from a national referendum—assuming there is nothing to fear from a national referendum. If Spain can govern herself democratically, let her do it. The point is she could not as recently as a generation ago,

and has not had much recent experience. Democracy is a by-product of the harmonious society, not its cause; and intellectuals ought to know that. One would think they would refrain from asking their King—throneless for thirty years in deference to a nineteenth-century abstraction, its bloody consequence, and an ensuing political sclerosis—to forget it.

Don Juan is a man of high intelligence, the logical successor if not to Franco's power, at least to one of Franco's offices. He has the difficult assignment of welcoming the interest of the intellectuals in Restoration (a highly conservative impulse in Spain), and yet making it clear, to them and to Franco, that he will not jeopardize the nation again in behalf of the copybook abstractions of utopian political theory. We wish him luck. God indeed will have to save the King, if he is to please both Franco and the intellectuals!

Training the Young Adults

If you are as poor at remembering the names of organizations as we are, we counsel you to take a deep breath: the World Assembly of Youth is the West's answer to the World Federation of Democratic Youth—the Communist organization which ran the Vienna youth festival last year. This year, we Westerners are having a festival of our own, in Accra, Ghana's capital. There are eight American delegates, selected, for some unknown reason and by Heaven knows what methods, by the Young Adult Council, which is affiliated with the National Social Welfare Assembly. These delegates were in New York last week to be briefed before hustling over to Accra. The expenses of the briefing were shouldered by the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs, an outfit whose principal putative sponsor is Arthur Houghton of Corning Glass, one of the wealthiest men in the world. It is not actually clear whether he or CIA pays the bills for the Foundation—possibly whichever happens to have more ready cash at the time.

We come to the briefing. During one morning, the speakers were representatives of the State Department. That, to be sure, is bad enough. But later on there was worse to come, including a lecture by a man who was held to be a security risk by a State Department loyalty board a few years ago, and probably couldn't even get a job with CIA—Oliver Edmund Clubb (we should recognize Red China, etc.). The day before, a general talk on U.S. foreign policy was delivered by one of the nation's principal neutralists, Mr. James P. Warburg. Not all the speakers were ideologues of the Left, but a great many of them were. The question arises: what is it our delegates are supposed to do at Accra? Join in criticizing

American policy? Carry to the students assembled the words of James Warburg and Oliver Clubb? One would think that would be like carrying coals to Newcastle, but we are reminded that a few years ago that is exactly what, under our foreign aid program, we ended up doing.

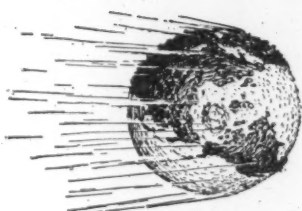
We shall keep our eyes on the Young Adults. Let them rest uneasy.

In This Issue

... we feature the last in our series of the Presidential candidates. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN writes about Lyndon B. Johnson, the only serious threat to Senator Kennedy. There remains for us to write about Richard Milhous Nixon. In due course ... JAMES BURNHAM discusses our most recent setback (we figure roughly on one international setback per issue of NATIONAL REVIEW), and asks, What response this time? FRANK MEYER addresses himself to the intellectual atmosphere behind our continuing defeats; and both Mr. Burnham and Mr. Meyer point the finger South to a lesion in our flank, Castro's Cuba. ... RUSSELL KIRK writes hilariously about the agonized efforts by Michigan State University to educate—not all its students, mind you; just a few; and of the sad end to that experiment. From London, COLM BROGAN writes about a response to the Summit failure we are not so familiar with: a kind of reckless joy in the Deep Left at the defeat of the United States. ... We draw attention to the advertisement in our center spread by the Committee of One Million (Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations) which has accomplished the herculean job of lining up 267 congressmen and senators of both parties to agitate for the retention of strong anti-Red China planks in the platforms of both parties. Much of the press (e.g., the *New York Times*) has, so far, ignored this extraordinary accomplishment.

Professor G. WARREN NUTTER of the Department of Economics in the University of Virginia reviews the latest volume of Professor Wilhelm Roepke of Geneva, the great economist and humanitarian who prescribed for a defeated Germany the road to recovery. Dr. Roepke has written for NATIONAL REVIEW in the past; Dr. Nutter writes for the first time. He is best known for his work on Soviet economic growth (he joins Colin Clark and others in finding it grossly exaggerated), and is most welcome in NATIONAL REVIEW. ... ANTHONY LEJEUNE, former editor of *Time & Tide* (which recently changed hands still again), writes now principally for the London *Daily Express*.

We have had to compress the issue to publish our semi-annual index. Extra copies of the index are available free; possibly the first time in history NATIONAL REVIEW has ever offered anything free of charge.



To This Challenge What Response?

JAMES BURNHAM

For long-term strategy, individual defeats are seldom catastrophic. Both sides in all great wars always suffer defeats. Defeats are the indispensable classrooms, laboratories and training grounds of victory, if we respond to them creatively, as challenge rather than disaster.

In the past month we have suffered a series of defeats, in South Korea, Turkey and Japan—the last an unmixed defeat of large and enlarging proportions. Severe as our losses have been, they are not one-tenth as grave as the failure of our leaders to make any sort of creative or even reasonably serious response. We ordinary citizens wait for so much as a single voice to give a sober assessment of the past, a fresh guide toward the future, or merely some expression to heightened feeling—of anger at the infamy of the enemy, contempt for the fools, cowards and traitors in our ranks, patriotic fervor for our beleaguered country.

On the very day that the Tokyo students, inflamed and directed by their Communist cadres, compelled the Kishi government to withdraw Japan's invitation to the President of the United States; the Senate of the United States repealed the requirement that our students who receive government grants should declare their freedom of Communist ties! The repeal was on motion of the Senator—John F. Kennedy—who will probably be the Democratic Party's candidate, and quite possibly the nation's choice, for the Presidency. Twenty-four hours previously he had proposed the first steps in formal recognition of the government that two days later hurled 80,000 shells in "contempt and scorn" of our—and his President.

With the riots, the Summit collapse and the Communist invasion of Cuba, it should be obvious—self-evident, rather—that the foreign policy of the Eisenhower Administration is bankrupt. Maybe it was justified; maybe we had to give Khrushchev plenty of rope to coexist on, before being al-

together sure that coexistence with Bolshevism is as impossible under Tweedledum as under Tweedledee. But the experiment is finished. Now the balance must be drawn. But no one draws it. Fearful that their election chances might be ruined if they admit jot or tittle, the Republicans say nothing. The Democrats—realizing that they are equally implicated in the bankruptcy of a policy that is only the continuation of their own, and having nothing but appeasement and surrender to put in its place—confine themselves to superficialities. The two parties prolong a trivial dispute over "the blame" for the Summit collapse, in order to obscure their joint responsibility for the real error—the Summit buildup.

Dignity of the Name

The lack of response is in will and act as in intellect. Take a plain and simple item. At the Palais de Chaillot and thereafter Nikita Khrushchev vilely insulted Dwight Eisenhower. This he did *ex officio ad officium*. It was not a question of personal insult: it is up to a man as an individual to handle a personal insult. In Paris it was the official spokesman for Soviet Russia who insulted the spokesman, representative, chief magistrate and symbol of the United States. Should it not be axiomatic that such procedure should be regarded as *intolerable* in the intercourse between nations? Communication is in fact impossible on such a basis.

The proper response is indicated by the nature of the act. It is not, of course, to shout back comparable insults, but simply to recognize in official—i.e., diplomatic—terms that communication is for the time being shut off. That would have meant, among other things, immediately summoning Ambassador Thompson back from Moscow and suspending all such diplomatic exchanges as the test ban and disarmament negotiations.

The screaming student mobs in

Tokyo took their cue from Khrushchev's unproved performance. But the exemplary precedents stretch much further back. The mobs that assaulted Vice President Nixon on his 1958 Latin American trip were rehearsals for Tokyo and for riots yet to come. In 1958 also, we tamely submitted to the insult heaped on our nation through the official person of its Vice President. We did not demand punishment for the culprits, damages for the injuries done, or due apology and reparative action from the governments that had permitted the excesses.

The background stretches further to Consul Angus Ward locked in an Asian jail, soldiers rotting in Chinese cells or Siberian camps, diplomatic establishments burned, the flag trampled, all without major rebuke, sanction or reprisal. We abandoned the maxim of Augustus, "to guard with strictest care the dignity of the [American] name," which it was the calculated tactic of the Communists to bring into that "contempt and scorn" that Peiping now flaunts.

The dignity of the nation's name—of its magistrates, officers, flag and symbols—is not an expendable luxury, but of the essence of its power and security. Because we have allowed our name to become cheapened, a gang of trained delinquents could prevent our President—acknowledged leader of the Free World—from accepting an invitation to visit the chief of state of an allied nation. All our vast array of aircraft, bombs and missiles were powerless against the Japanese hoodlums.

Our name needs a quick and drastic rehabilitation, if it is not to be blotted out altogether. We have got to give a dramatic demonstration not simply of the reasserted dignity of our name, but of the respect that we demand for it from men of all continents, and the sure, harsh sanctions that follow its abuse.

The perfect subject for the demonstration lies at our doorstep. Fidel Castro proved for all the world the depth of our name's debasement. Condign justice for Castro would confirm the start of our name's recovery.

For reprints of this article, address Dept. R, National Review, 150 East 35 St., New York 16, N. Y. Price 10c each, 100 for \$5.00.

Letter from London

COLM BROGAN

Mr. K's Quick Comeback

When the U-2 affair blew up, the English weekly review, the *Spectator*, bluntly asked which side were we on, making it clear that the question was no mere rhetorical flourish but was seriously addressed to the multitudes who, according to the *Spectator*, just stopped short of dancing in the streets to celebrate a setback for our principal ally at the hands of our principal enemy. Just how large were the jubilant multitudes I would hesitate to guess, but we certainly had a handsome display of *Schadenfreude*.

Perhaps even worse, we had an outburst of plain, unadulterated funk. Journalists and writers of letters to the editor could hardly control their trembling fingers as they typed out their horror at the malignant and insensate provocation offered by the Pentagon warmongers to a man of such acute sensibilities as Mr. Khrushchev. Many were the pious sighs of relief that Mr. Khrushchev had kept his statesmanlike head and emerged purified and strengthened from his dark night of the soul.

Nearly all of the Progressives and a large part of the uncommitted British public believe it to be international high treason to say or do anything which might ruffle Mr. Khrushchev, but that anything Mr. Khrushchev does to ruffle us must be ignored or explained away. The Progressives did not ask *why* Khrushchev was so angry. Was it the outraged anger of a delicate maiden whose boudoir has been wantonly invaded? Or the humanly understandable anger of a man who was hopping mad at having the deficiencies of his defenses so badly exposed? Was he less enraged by the plane that was caught than by the numbers which had got away? These questions, which are important, were not asked by the worried Progressives who have wrinkles on the brow to make up for the lack of wrinkles on the brain. But they did ask what would have happened if a Russian plane had been brought down in the United States. The answer is that not

much would have happened except that American experts would have had themselves an interesting and instructive time examining the debris, but this answer does not commend itself to those who positively want to believe that the Pentagon is controlled by warmongers, and that nobody controls the Pentagon.

The English, with their instinct for accommodation and compromise, have not yet been brought to understand that the men of the Kremlin will never go to a conference unless they are satisfied that the mere holding of the conference, apart from its possible results, is an advantage for them in itself. The very fact that a Summit meeting was agreed to meant that the Soviet theory of coexistence was at least formally accepted by the more anxiously appeasing leaders of the West. Out of the furious fanfare over U-2 Mr. Khrushchev managed to achieve the effective neutrality of some of the lesser members of the Western alliance and also to secure an American promise that spy flights would not be resumed during the present tenure of the Presidency.

Mr. Khrushchev has no reason to fear that the moral disapprobation of the world will be long lasting, not, at least, if the vocal British reaction is any guide. As soon as the first shock wore off, appeasement came through again, like damp seeping through the wallpaper in a badly-built house. Leader writers in leftish papers began to point out that Mr. Khrushchev's bark was a great deal worse than his bite and perhaps even his boorishness was forced on him by the need to maintain himself against the remaining Stalinists in the Kremlin who did not share his own peaceful intentions. The *Manchester Guardian* counseled flexibility. A clerical correspondent to that journal urged the formulation of a series of "reasonable concessions" which the West would offer to Russia. The letters-to-the-editor published

by the allegedly Liberal *News-Chronicle* were more for Mr. Khrushchev than against him.

But the summa cum laude award must go without question to a Mr. Arthur M. Johnson who wrote to the highbrow and liberal Sunday newspaper, the *Observer*. He said it was wrong that West Berlin should remain as "an artificial island of Western government within East Germany." The fact that it is the East German government which is artificial will not easily penetrate the mind of Mr. Johnson. Nevertheless he is not lacking in bold and original devices for easing an uneasy situation. Agreeing that the West Berliners must not be put under the Communist harrow, he proposes that a new city should be built in West Germany to which the whole two million of them should be gradually transferred. Following the precedent of Brasilia, should not this new city be called Exilia? Mr. Johnson is sure that the decanted Germans would be happy in their new surroundings. They would suffer no hardship and would have the solace of knowing that they were "contributing to territorial stability and world peace."

The *Times*, meanwhile, conducted an interesting correspondence on the secrets of Russian propaganda. A biologist started the ball by suggesting that the Kremlin was following the principles of Pavlov. Pavlov trained a dog to recognize and respond to certain signals. When the dog was fully conditioned, Pavlov transmitted signals which had no meaning at all, and the poor dog broke down in a state of hopeless confusion. He said that all the switches and changes in Russian statements and deeds were meaningless in themselves and designed to break down the will of the West by destroying the West's understanding.

It may be so, but the apologists and semi-apologists for Mr. Khrushchev have a more obvious resemblance to Bill Sikes' dog than to Pavlov's. The faithful Bull's Eye was ferociously treated by his brutal master but in the end he leapt on Bill's shoulders and with him plunged to his death. It was foolish of Bull's Eye to show such senseless and fawning loyalty, but at least he destroyed nobody but himself. Which is more than could be said of Mr. K's kennel in England.

L. B. J.: Least Popular with the USSR

On performance, Johnson is just a whisker to the right of Kennedy *et al.*; he's a New-Fair Dealer. But on foreign policy, he's with the hards: He wouldn't apologize to Khrushchev.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

When Jack Kennedy buried Hubert Humphrey's Presidential dreams in West Virginia, the White House hopes of Lyndon Baines Johnson, the U.S. Senate Democratic majority leader from Texas, were all but obliterated too.

But when the Summit collapsed in early May, and Johnson, alone among all the Presidential candidates in either party, responded with a declaration from his viscera that Khrushchev had better stop "being sanctimonious" in "making pious protestations of outraged innocence," every American who had ever heard about Davy Crockett at the Alamo knew that Lyndon was back in business again. Johnson may privately regard the Republican Administration as a bunch of dogs, but he knows that when a U.S. President reaps insults from a snakewhip artist like Khrushchev the only possible self-respecting response is "I don't care if he is a hound, you gotta quit kicking my dog around."

There are, of course, plenty of conventionally compelling reasons why Senator Johnson can't possibly bridge the gap between the 437 minimum first ballot vote he will have at the Los Angeles Democratic shindig and the 761 votes needed to win the nod from a Liberal-Labor party. First of all, he is a Southerner—and this despite the fact that he comes from the thin upland country of Texas where the "color" problem is academic. Secondly, he is a veteran of the old House of Representatives majority that passed the original Taft-Hartley Act. Thirdly, though he has never shown any particular subservience to oil and gas interests, there is the propaganda that he would never go against his state in a vital economic issue. Fourthly, there is his record on civil rights, which leaves him on the

floor between two stools, the more extreme Dixiecrats hating him as a "traitor" because he has nursed two civil rights bills through Congress, and the ultras of the NAACP crowd in the north favoring other candidates because Lyndon Johnson as a civil righter is at best a compromise. Fifthly, there is Johnson's medical record—a massive heart attack in 1955, which lurks in the background for all the reassurance of the plastic-encased cardiogram which he can whip from his pocket to prove his currently astounding good health.

His Own Principles

Against all these drawbacks one compensating factor looms like the Jungfrau: Lyndon Johnson is a man, not an extension of an IBM machine.

This is not to say that conservatives or libertarians should look upon Johnson's candidacy with fond hopes. The man in Johnson has his own principles which stem from the up-bringing of a southern "pol" in a particular time and place. He is slightly more conservative than the other Democratic aspirants, who are not conservative at all, and only slightly less conservative than Richard Nixon, which means that a Johnson in the White House would hardly become a Fabian-in-reverse dedicated to the job of reducing federal aid to the hundred-and-one pressure gangs or clipping the political money power of the big unions. But when Johnson stands up in Reno, Nevada, to say, "I am not prepared to apologize to Mr. Khrushchev. Are you? I am not prepared to send regrets to Mr. Khrushchev. Are you?" the domestic aspects of his ADA rating (it's 58 per cent) dwindle somewhat. The point is that Johnson has the coloration of his native Texas, where patriotism, even

if it means following a lone star, is still reckoned a virtue.

Johnson is a "pol" and a public personage who likes to live 98 per cent of his life in public. He is the sort that never likes to go to bed if he has an audience. He takes an inordinate pride in knowing the mechanisms of his trade, and as majority leader in the Senate his talents have naturally run to producing agreements. Those who consider it the business of the Senate to come up with viable compromises regard Lyndon as a great virtuoso. As one of his admirers says, "He didn't make Proxmire or Paul Douglas on the one hand, or Harry Byrd on the other. He's just got 'em. And because he's got 'em, he has to ride herd on 'em." Another admirer says, "Lyndon is a genius. When he needs a vote he can get it out of a rathole."

The unlovely aspect of Johnson's devotion to his trade is that it blends all too easily with his vanity. He can't resist a trick, as witness his maneuvers to get a tie vote in the Senate on a bill which will force Nixon as the tie-breaker to brand himself as an "enemy of the teachers," or whatever. Willard Edwards, the astute Capitol Hill man of the *Chicago Tribune*, thinks that Lyndon's "ownership" of the Senate has been its ruination: no longer does the floor of the chamber ring with great debates, no longer does the education of the country on national issues proceed from the rhetorical engagements of a La Follette, a Borah—or, to go back a bit, a Daniel Webster. The only flaw in Edwards' otherwise keen perception is that Senate majorities were being made in the cloakrooms long before Lyndon's day. And, when one considers that the potential "rebels" from Lyndon's rule have been a Proxmire, a Neuberger, a Paul Douglas, it

is possible to regard Johnson's adroit tyranny as a barrier, not to reasoned debate, but to logorrhea.

Less commendable to some critics than his perpetual conning and finesing of the Senate is his habit of trying to rule the press. He has even been known to summon the editors of newsweeklies to his office for lectures on their judgment and veracity. And if a reporter has displeased him he is apt to bedevil him in public in a humiliating way. Johnson supporters argue that such behavior stems from an extraordinary sensitivity to criticism, not from any desire to gag newspapermen. But even though Johnson would certainly stand up for the First Amendment his overly sensitive reaction to unfriendly statements has an unfortunate effect on him personally. People, knowing that he has a thin skin, sometimes refrain from telling him things he ought to know.

In his own world his antennae, his keen olfactory nerves, enable him to do without an unflattering intelligence staff. He can smell trouble in the Senate long before it breaks. His sense of tact and timing has been superb—as witness his muting of his Presidential ambitions while he has necessarily been engaged in working with candidates Kennedy, Symington, and Humphrey in the Senate on legislation. His ability to play things by ear, to “fly by the seat of his pants,” enables him to get a long jump on the modern breed of politico who depend on expensive professional pollsters to tell them what to say and do.

Texas Background

Whatever one may think about Johnson's lack of philosophical consistency, his vanity and his thin skin, the man has grown naturally from his beginnings. He is the sum of authentic Texas forces, not a synthetic product of the forecaster's art. The Texas he grew up in was part cattle frontier, part cotton kingdom, an old-fashioned internationalist state which was resentful of tariffs. When Texans had trouble raising money, they ran to Governor Hogg's type of Populism: damn the eastern bankers, give us relief from Wall Street, etc., etc. During the depression of the thirties, when the price of cotton went to hell, Texans looked to Washington for

help-as-a-due, not help-as-a-gratuity: after all, “Wall Street” had made the depression, and presumably it owed something to those it had victimized.

The young Lyndon Johnson, fresh from a perfunctory education at Southwest State Teachers College in San Marcos and a spell on the faculty as a public speech instructor at a Houston high school, learned his way



around Washington in 1931 and after as secretary to Congressman Richard M. Kleberg of King Ranch fame. Roosevelt's “hundred days” impressed him as high and stirring drama; Roosevelt himself was a “daddy”; and when Johnson returned to Texas in 1935 it was as local head of the National Youth Administration. Those were the days when the New Deal was not only Roosevelt but Roosevelt-Garner—and it was Texas' own Sam Rayburn who bossed the House of Representatives. Naturally the young Lyndon Johnson went along with other Texans. When he went back to Washington in 1937, this time as a congressman in his own right, he blended easily with a group that wanted public power for the farmer, big dams, support for cotton prices, and good all-weather roads. These were help-as-a-due, not help-as-a-gratuity.

It will not do, however, to make too much of Lyndon Johnson's New Deal political origins. For, in common with other Texans, he has a well-defined sense of possession, and he would certainly fight for what he owns. His ranch, a rambling construction in the Pedernales River country hard by the Johnson City that was founded by his grandfather, conforms to Locke's classic definition

of property; it is something that has been “mixed” with the labor of three generations of Johnsons. There are the vestigial remains of fortifications built to defend Samuel Ealy Johnson and his bride against the Indians; there are the additions made by Lyndon's father—and, finally, there is the kidney-shaped swimming pool with pool-side phone connections and arrangements for piped-in music, all of which are needed to keep Johnson in business as a healthy legislator. Since his heart attack Johnson likes to relax in a hot pool, then lie in a hammock with a telephone receiver clamped to his ear and a secretary hovering by to take down his words. The three flags on his ranch house masthead—one for the U.S., one for Texas as the Lone Star state, and the third his own personal emblem—testify to his sense of place—and ownership—in his own world. Moreover, his wife, Mrs. Claudia Alta, or “Lady Bird” Johnson, is an heiress in her own right who holds title to radio-TV stations in Austin and elsewhere.

Jostling Interests

Johnson is his “own man” in a society that has taken some amazingly vital turns since the depression of the thirties. Of the old agricultural Texas which has always sent Sam Rayburn to Congress as its “vestigial” patriarch, there is still a good deal around. The Texas farmer is for Lyndon because Lyndon, as a rancher, still belongs to a world of cotton and cattle. But where is the Texas farmer who doesn't depend on an oil well pumping somewhere to bring him a hundred or so extra a month? In truth, Texas today is schizoid: it needs free international trade for its cotton (with price supports at home), but it also hungers for protection for its stake in oil.

To keep control of its own oil, Texas operates an intra-state prorationing system, with its State Railroad Commission judging how many days' pumping shall be allowed per well. But there is more to Texas self-sufficiency than intra-state supervision of the oil supply. Since 1940 Texas has become a factory state, which means that labor is now a local political force. Johnson, to stay on top, is compelled to reckon with many jostling interests, with oil, with the

farmer and rancher who sometimes double in oil, with petrochemical factory owners, with Dallas bankers, and with the new labor crowd. With his instinct for combinations he has succeeded in riding all the forces without giving up too much to any one of them. Although he was a Taft-Hartley man, he helped immeasurably in steering Kennedy's mild labor bill through the Senate; indeed, the bill might just as well have been dubbed the Johnson bill. Thus Walter Reuther, though he is hardly a Johnson-for-President man at the moment, is not anti-Johnson in any open way—and when Michigan's Governor, "Soapy" Williams, came out for Kennedy, Reuther wanted Johnson to know that Williams was speaking for himself, not the automobile workers. (Whether Reuther was being "level" with Johnson is another question.) As for oil and gas, Johnson maintains close friendship with George and Herman Brown of the Brown and Root Houston engineering firm, who are as deep in oil and gas as they are in most other Texas enterprises. But Johnson has "balanced" his oil and gas friendships with a pro-consumer position; he even took issue with President Eisenhower for dropping William Connoles, a consumer spokesman, from the Federal Power Commission.

Domestic Policies

Texas millionaires go along with Johnson out of a feeling that he will tell them when and to what degree they must, for their own sake, give ground to popular surges. Hence the spectacle of rich oil man H. L. Hunt protesting to the publisher of a conservative newsletter that it is wrong to attack Lyndon as a "radical." The oil and gas interests, by and large, might prefer a Price Daniel or an Allan Shivers to represent them in Washington. But they don't want to get in bad with Lyndon Johnson any more than he wants to get in bad with them. The result is a standoff that gives each side a sense of protection. Johnson is for maintaining the oil depletion allowance—just as Hubert Humphrey, a Minnesotan, is certainly for maintaining the depletion allowance for iron ore. But it does not follow from this that Johnson would let the Texas rich go

against what he thinks is their own deeper interest by grabbing for too much in a world full of *sansculotte* sentiment.

Since Johnson has been willing to listen to labor—meaning labor leaders—and since he has been a New-Fair Dealer when it comes to passing out money, the charge made by Joseph Rauh Jr., former head of Americans for Democratic Action, that "L.B.J. has smothered Liberalism," seems a trifle overheated. So, too, does the anti-Johnson campaign of the DOTC—or Democrats of Texas Club—which rallies behind Johnson's slightly more Liberal senatorial colleague, Ralph Yarborough. With the *Texas Observer*, a pro-DOTC publication, yammering at Johnson as a conservative with a few deceptive "welfare Liberal" trimmings, and with the *Independent American* of New Orleans, Louisiana busily trouncing Johnson for a "left-wing voting record," the newcomer to the Southwestern political scene might easily become confused. A good deal of the smoke comes from the effort of partisans of the various groups to get Johnson to declare himself. But Johnson's instinct is for a position that will make him seem a champion not merely of the South, but of the South-and-West, with a good word now and then for northern labor. Johnson has too much of the old Texas New Dealer of the thirties still clinging to him to be considered any sort of conservative or libertarian. On the other hand, he is a man of property from a property-conscious state who would certainly never vote to expropriate himself or his friends. There he stands, a very small distance left of center. Conservatives who hope to rid America of the handout philosophy shouldn't expect too much of him. But conservatives have less to fear, domestically, from Johnson than from any of the other Democratic candidates.

No Appeasement

It is on foreign policy, which has never been a Johnson specialty, that the man makes his appeal to Americans who want to keep their heads up in the world. Johnson has never been a world traveler like Stevenson; he has never been an ambassador to India like Chester Bowles; he has never tried to out-de Gaulle de

Gaulle on Algeria like Senator Kennedy; he has never had a marathon audience with Khrushchev like Hubert Humphrey; he has never been a spokesman for the claims of the Strategic Air Command like Stuart Symington. But whenever there has been a crisis Johnson has instinctively recognized that the only possible way of remaining free in the same world with Soviet Russia is to refuse accommodation to Communist purposes. In the days before the French abdication in Indochina Johnson lined up initially with Nixon on the desirability of fighting for Dienbienphu. Though he backed down on this when the British and French showed no stomach for united action in Southeast Asia, his own position remained clear: he believed then, as he still believes, that Communist dynamism feeds on its successes. In 1955 he supported the Dulles policy on Quemoy and Matsu. He has opposed the attempt of Communist China to bully her way into the United Nations; he has refused to sanction aid to Nasser as long as the Suez Canal is closed to ships which touch at Israeli ports; he has been for a greater reliance on private investment in bringing aid to underdeveloped regions; he is for channeling military aid through the Defense Department; he has supported the testing of tactical nuclear weapons, even going so far as to say that the Senate under his leadership might turn down a treaty outlawing such tests; he didn't like the Khrushchev visit to the U.S.; and he has announced himself to be no great friend of Sumitry, though he favors keeping lines of negotiation "open."

Anti-Johnsonians argue that there is no "bold new program," no imagination in Johnson's approach to foreign policy. But in a day when "boldness" and "imagination" usually turn out to be proposals to back down in the face of Communist demands, or to give to foreign nations through channels that help to saddle them with enduring socialistic controls, Johnson's independence of the current cant is singularly refreshing. Though he listens to such advisers as Dean Acheson (the latter-day version, not the Acheson of old) and Chip Bohlen (there's a latter-day Bohlen, too), he is as much his "own

(Continued on p. 435)

An Appeal to the Democratic and Republican Conventions: STAND FAST AGAINST APEASEMENT OF RED CHINA

In 1956, the Democratic and Republican National Platforms included planks which pledged continued opposition to the admission of Communist China to the United Nations and any other steps which would strengthen the power and prestige of the Peking regime. These planks reflected the sentiment of the overwhelming majority of the American people. The fact that both political parties took strong stands in support of our effective China policy once again put the United States on record before the world as standing firm in its dedication to freedom under constant jeopardy from Communist aggression and infiltration. Through these planks, the American people showed the world—both our Communist enemies and our allies, including the 600,000,000 enslaved Chinese—that we would continue to keep faith with all those who cast their lot with us in the common struggle against tyranny. The international effect of these planks was tremendous.

In the four years since our last national presidential election, Communist China has neither repented its past crimes nor wavered from its road of enslavement and aggression; the blatant attacks on Quemoy and Matsu; the brutal crushing of the Tibetan fight for freedom; the encroachment on the frontiers of India; the guerrilla infiltration of Vietnam; the introduction of the communes in China which turned human beings into Communist slave-robots. Just last month, Communist China called on all Asians to "teach" the President of the United States "a good lesson" on his tour of the Far East and urged them to go into the streets and make his tour as "unpleasant" as possible.

In spite of these and other events, there are still those who urge appeasement of Red China through admission to the U.N. and recognition by the United States.

The Democratic and Republican Parties, meeting in their respective Conventions, have a unique opportunity to forcefully state the American people's considered and continued opposition to any acts which would build the power and prestige of Red China to the detriment of our own national security and of freedom throughout the world. The suggested plank which we offer on this historic question, and its distinguished bipartisan group of Congressional endorsers, is printed on the right. The Committee Of One Million appeals to the Platform Committees and Conventions of both parties to unanimously accept this plank.

The Committee Of One Million represents the best in American life as is attested to by the Honorary Chairmanship of Warren R. Austin, former Senator from Vermont and first United States Ambassador to the U.N., and Joseph C. Grew, former United States Ambassador to Japan and dean emeritus of our diplomatic corps, and its distinguished bipartisan leadership and membership. Although the members of the Committee Of One Million may differ on many domestic and foreign issues—as do the Democratic and Republican Parties—they are united on the one proposition of standing fast against Chinese Communist threats and aggression. Our Committee, we believe, is in the great tradition of bipartisan American unity on questions that concern the nation's security and must, by their very nature, rise above partisan politics.

By supporting our Nation's effective Far Eastern policy in this tradition, through both parties' adoption of identical planks on this issue, the honorable delegates to both Conventions have an historic opportunity to help stem the tide of Communist expansion and keep faith with those from our own country and abroad who have given their lives in the struggle between freedom and slavery. The unrepentant aggressor, Red China, must not be admitted to the U.N. or have its crimes dignified through recognition by our Government.

The eyes of the American people—and those of the hundreds of millions imprisoned behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains—are on Los Angeles and Chicago in this month of July 1960.

PROPOSED PLANK FOR INCLUSION IN THE DEMOCRATIC AND REPUBLICAN PLATFORMS

"We continue to oppose the seating of Communist China in the United Nations, thus upholding international morality and keeping faith with the thousands of American youths who gave their lives fighting Communist aggression in Korea. To seat a Communist China which defies, by word and deed, the principles of the U.N. Charter would be to betray the letter, violate the spirit and subvert the purposes of that Charter. We further continue to oppose United States diplomatic recognition or any other steps which would build the power and prestige of the Chinese Communist regime to the detriment of our friends and allies in Asia and of our national security. Any such action would break faith with our dead and the unfortunate Americans still wrongfully imprisoned by Communist China and would dishearten our friends and allies in Asia whose continued will to resist Communist China's pressures and blandishments is so vital to our own security interests in that part of the world."

Congressional Endorsers of the Proposed Identical Plank on the United States and Communist China

Rep. Watkins M. Abbott D, Virginia	Rep. James A. Byrne D, Pennsylvania	Sen. James O. Eastland D, Mississippi	Rep. Craig Hosmer D, California	Rep. D. R. Matthews D, Florida	Rep. Peter W. Rodino, Jr. D, New Jersey
Rep. Thomas G. Abernethy D, Mississippi	Rep. William T. Cahill D, New Jersey	Sen. Allen J. Ellender D, Louisiana	Rep. Chester E. Merrow R, New Hampshire	Rep. Chester E. Merrow R, New Hampshire	Rep. Byron G. Rogers D, Colorado
Rep. E. Ross Adair R, Indiana	Sen. Homer E. Capehart R, Indiana	Rep. Carl Elliott D, Alabama	Rep. Geo. Huddleston, Jr. D, Illinois	Rep. Robert H. Michel R, Illinois	Rep. Edwin J. Rogers R, Massachusetts
Rep. Hugh J. Addison D, New Jersey	Sen. Clifford P. Case D, New Jersey	Sen. Samuel J. Ervin, Jr. D, North Carolina	Rep. W. R. Hull, Jr. D, Missouri	Rep. William E. Miller D, New York	Rep. Paul G. Rogers D, Florida
Rep. Carl Albert D, Oklahoma	Rep. John Casey D, Texas	Rep. Robert A. Everett D, Tennessee	Rep. Walter H. Humphrey D, Minnesota	Rep. Walter H. Moeller D, Ohio	Rep. John J. Rooney D, New York
Rep. Dale Alford D, Arkansas	Rep. Elford A. Cederberg D, Michigan	Rep. Dante B. Fascell D, Florida	Rep. Donald L. Jackson D, Oklahoma	Sen. S. S. Mike Monroney D, Oklahoma	Rep. Katharine St. George R, New York
Rep. Bruce Alger R, Texas	Rep. Frank L. Chelf D, Kentucky	Rep. Iver D. Fenton D, Pennsylvania	Rep. John Jarman D, Oklahoma	Rep. Arch A. Moore, Jr. R, West Virginia	Rep. John F. Saylor R, Pennsylvania
Sen. Gordon Allott R, Colorado	Rep. J. Edgar Chenoweth R, Colorado	Rep. Paul A. Fino R, New York	Sen. Jacob K. Javits D, New York	Rep. Morgan M. Moulder D, Missouri	Rep. Gordon H. Scherer D, Ohio
Rep. H. Carl Anderson R, Minnesota	Rep. Robert B. Chipperfield D, Illinois	Rep. Daniel J. Flood D, Pennsylvania	Rep. W. Pat Jennings D, Virginia	Rep. Abraham J. Multer D, New York	Sen. Andrew F. Schoepel R, Kansas
Rep. Victor L. Anspaugh D, New York	Rep. Margarette S. Church R, Illinois	Rep. Gerald T. Flynn D, Wisconsin	Rep. Walter M. Mummia R, Pennsylvania	Rep. William T. Murphy D, Illinois	Sen. Hugh Scott R, Pennsylvania
Rep. Leslie C. Arends D, Illinois	Rep. Frank M. Clark D, Pennsylvania	Sen. Hiram L. Fung D, Pennsylvania	Sen. Karl E. Mundt R, South Dakota	Rep. Lester R. Johnson D, Wisconsin	Rep. Don L. Short R, North Dakota
Rep. Robert T. Ashmore D, South Carolina	Rep. Harold R. Collier R, Illinois	Rep. Aime J. Forand D, Rhode Island	Rep. Walter H. Judd D, Minnesota	Rep. Lester R. Johnson D, Wisconsin	Rep. Robert L. F. Sikes D, Florida
Rep. James C. Auchincloss R, New Jersey	Rep. William M. Colmer D, Mississippi	Rep. E. L. Forester D, Georgia	Rep. Carroll D. Keams R, Pennsylvania	Rep. Tom Murray D, Tennessee	Rep. H. Allen Smith D, California
Rep. Cleveland M. Bailey D, West Virginia	Rep. Silvio O. Conte R, Massachusetts	Rep. John R. Fountain D, North Carolina	Rep. Kenneth B. Keating R, New York	Rep. Howard W. Smith D, Virginia	Rep. Margaret Chase Smith R, Maine
Rep. John P. Balestrieri, Jr. R, California	Rep. Harold D. Cooley D, North Carolina	Rep. James H. Frazier, Jr. D, Pennsylvania	Rep. Hastings Keith R, Massachusetts	Rep. Win Smith R, Kansas	Rep. William L. Springer D, Illinois
Rep. William A. Barrett D, Pennsylvania	Rep. Robert J. Corbett R, New Jersey	Rep. Samuel N. Friedel D, Maryland	Rep. Eugene J. Keogh D, New York	Rep. Samuel S. Stratton D, New York	Rep. Charles M. Tesague R, California
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Rep. William H. Bates R, Massachusetts	Rep. Glenn C. Cunningham D, Nevada	Rep. J. Vaughan Gary D, Virginia	Rep. A. Paul Kitchen D, North Carolina	Rep. James C. Oliver D, Maine	Sen. Strom Thurmond D, South Carolina
Rep. Frank J. Becker R, New York	Rep. Willard S. Curtis R, Pennsylvania	Rep. Lowell A. George D, Kansas	Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel R, California	Rep. Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr. D, Massachusetts	Rep. Thor C. Tollefson R, Washington
Rep. Pure Belcher R, Oklahoma	Sen. Carl T. Curtis R, Nebraska	Rep. Milton W. Glenn R, New Jersey	Rep. Otis Langen R, Minnesota	Rep. Harold C. Ostertag R, New York	Rep. James W. Trimble D, Arkansas
Rep. Charles E. Bennett D, Florida	Rep. Paul R. Dague R, Pennsylvania	Rep. Barry Goldwater R, Arizona	Rep. Alton Lennon D, New York	Rep. Thomas M. Pelly R, Washington	Rep. William M. Tuck D, Virginia
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Rep. Alvin M. Bentley R, Michigan	Rep. Clifford Davis D, Tennessee	Rep. Kathryn E. Granahan D, Pennsylvania	Sen. John L. McClellan D, Arkansas	Rep. W. R. Poague D, Texas	Rep. William K. Van Pelt D, Wisconsin
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Rep. Hale Boggs D, Louisiana	Rep. Samuel L. Devine R, Ohio	Rep. H. B. McGowan D, Kansas	Rep. Gordon L. McDonough D, South Dakota	Rep. Louis C. Rabaut D, Michigan	Rep. Basil L. Whitener D, North Carolina
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Rep. J. Flood Breeding D, Kansas	Sen. Everett McK. Dickson R, Illinois	Rep. F. Edward Hebert R, Ohio	Rep. Clifford G. McIntire R, Maine	Rep. John J. Rhodes R, Arizona	Rep. John Bell Williams D, Mississippi
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Rep. Charles A. Buckley D, New York	Rep. John Dwyer D, Texas	Rep. Earl Hogan D, Indiana	Sen. Mike Mansfield D, Montana		
Sen. John M. Butler R, Maryland	Rep. Thomas N. Downing D, Virginia	Sen. Spessard L. Holland D, Florida	Rep. Fred Marshall D, Minnesota		
Sen. Robert C. Byrd D, West Virginia	Rep. Florence P. Dwyer R, New Jersey	Rep. Walt Horan R, Washington	Rep. Joseph W. Martin, Jr. R, Massachusetts		

THE COMMITTEE OF ONE MILLION Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations

343 LEXINGTON AVENUE — NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

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THE COMMITTEE OF ONE MILLION

Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations

343 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK • MURRAY HILL 9-6836

June 27, 1960

Dear Friend:

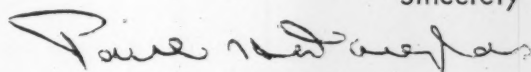
Four years ago, during the last presidential elections, the Committee Of One Million was successful in its campaign which urged both parties to include strong planks against any deals with Red China. Our success was due in large part to the moral support of the American people and, even more specifically, through the financial support of those Americans who understood the issues at stake and saw fit to contribute to that undertaking.

Once again, the Committee Of One Million is carrying on a similar campaign to include a strong and identical plank on Red China in the Democratic and Republican National Platforms. Our campaign this year is more urgent than ever. This is one effective way in which the American people can counter those forces, both at home and abroad, that call for acts of appeasement toward Communist China.

You will see on the left, the proof of an advertisement we propose to publish in newspapers in Los Angeles and Chicago while the Platform Committees of both parties are meeting. As you will see, our suggested plank carries the bipartisan endorsement of one of the most distinguished groups of Congressmen ever assembled in support of a non-governmental and private campaign such as ours. The cost of these advertisements alone will be \$9,710.08. In addition to our advertising expenses, we estimate that an additional \$5,000 will be required to carry out other activities at the Conventions which will ensure that the American people's sentiments on Red China will be included in the Platforms. Thus, a total of \$14,710.08 must be made available within the next few weeks. This is a small sum indeed when we measure it against the great good which can be accomplished.

We hope we can count on your generous support. Please make your checks payable to the "Committee Of One Million" and send them to us at the above address. Many thanks for your consideration.

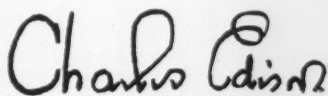
Sincerely yours,



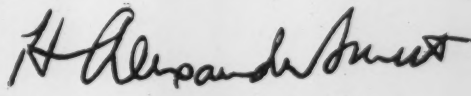
Paul H. Douglas



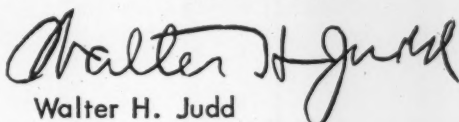
Kenneth B. Keating



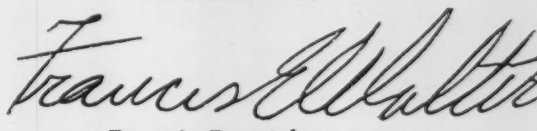
Charles Edison



H. Alexander Smith



Walter H. Judd



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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

The Mirage-World of Liberal Ideology

CONCEPTS, ideas, beliefs, are the decisive factors in human history. They are, under the dispensation of Providence, the instruments with which men and nations and civilizations assert their primacy over brute nature and vindicate human destiny.

But concepts, to have this power, must more or less truly reflect reality. When a nation bases its policies upon concepts totally false to reality, sooner or later it pays a portentous penalty—and more probably sooner, when such concepts guide the foreign policy of a nation faced with an inveterate and powerful enemy determined upon its destruction. The fifteen years since the end of World War II have already seen the United States' world position decline from one of unchallengeable supremacy to a point where today a third of the world is in the camp of our enemies, and another third, the euphemistically entitled "uncommitted nations," is basically hostile to everything we stand for, while the leading nations with whom we share the heritage of Western civilization graciously put in the field a tithe of the military force which they fielded in 1914 out of a considerably smaller population.

Our retreat has been steady, punctuated with periods of catastrophic rout, such as the physical loss of China in 1949 and the moral loss of honor in Hungary in 1956. Another such rout now seems to be developing, with the crumpling of our north-western frontier in Korea and Japan and the penetration of the Caribbean by the establishment of a Soviet base in Cuba.

The fact that we have allowed the events in Cuba and in Japan to take place brings into the sharpest of relief the role of concepts false to reality, the Liberal concepts upon which our policies have been based. Certainly for fifteen years we have had the power in Japan to make it into a firm bastion against the Communist world. The helplessness of the legiti-

mate government of Japan, even against internal Communist terror, is not unrelated to our policies and our influence. Nor is there the faintest doubt that we have and have had the power to enforce the Monroe Doctrine in the only way that is significant today, by making certain that no government friendly to Communism exists in this hemisphere.

The Inequality of Nations

The refusal to recognize the true power relations between such countries as the United States and Japan or Cuba is the direct result of carrying into action the Liberal concept of the equality of all nations, compounded in the case of Cuba (as in Korea and the Dominican Republic) by the concept that it is in the interest of the United States to support any putatively popular movement against an existing government, irrespective of the position of that government in the over-all struggle with Soviet Communism.

If Japan is neutralized and our Western Pacific frontier is turned and crumpled; if the islands of Cuba and Santo Domingo become a Soviet *place d'armes*; if the Middle East and all Africa slip area by area into the Soviet grasp, until Communism rules from Capetown to Kamchatka—it will be the direct fruit of the application of policies based upon the Liberal concepts of the abstract equality of nations, the abstract evil of the pre-war regime of Western domination of the world, and the abstract virtue of "national revolutionary movements." If we are drawn further and further, as now seems the case, into the quagmire of disarmament agreements and find ourselves facing a regimented regime controlling a population of a billion or a billion and a half, with a weapons technology no more powerful than theirs, it will be the result of the Liberal concept which regards "peace" as a goal of national policy

in a world that contains a great empire Messianically devoted to world conquest.

The truth of the situation is that we are living in a world in which only victory over the Soviet enemy can preserve our nation and the civilizational order for which it stands. No concepts that are not based first of all upon this reality can save us from disaster. All governments, parties, movements, throughout the world, have essential meaning for us only in relation to this reality.

The Real Alternatives

Furthermore, we must rid ourselves of two Liberal concepts which, although they are contradictory, simultaneously guide our policies: 1) that we are so rich and powerful that we can bear the whole burden of defense of half the world and in addition support the socialist and welfare economies of two-thirds of the world; and 2) that we are so weak that we must subordinate our policy to the demands of the nations we support and defend. The truth is that we are not so strong that we can do the former; but that we are comparatively so much stronger than the other nations of the non-Communist world that on us the responsibility of command in the struggle against Communism rests. If we are successfully to prosecute that struggle on the world-wide scale to which we have committed ourselves, then we shall have to restrict our expenditure to essentials and insist that the nations of Western Europe bring into being a hundred divisions, proscribe their Communist parties and cease to flirt with neutralism. Alternatively, we can only say, since we ourselves wish to survive, that we will have to husband our resources and limit our responsibility to the defense of an American fortress.

Whatever may be the case in the mirage-world of Liberalism, in the real world these are the three possible alternatives: an imperial policy of full responsibility and full command, based upon the realities of power relations in the world; a Fortress America policy, based upon the realities of our unaided strength; or the disaster towards which we are proceeding under the guidance of Liberal concepts.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

They're Not So Sharp at Oakland

Last year a college for sharp students was opened in Oakland County, Michigan, at a country estate given to Michigan State University. The large and well-financed public-relations office of MSU turned out reams of publicity, some of which was taken seriously by *Time*. High intellectual standards were to be expected at the Oakland branch, President Hannah of MSU declared, and a keen-minded faculty would be recruited. *Entre nous*, the establishment of this branch was part of the war between the University of Michigan (Ann Arbor) and Michigan State (East Lansing), recklessly competing for the larger enrollments and the more lavish appropriations from the state legislature. No demarcation of function now exists between the two vast state universities, and the Oakland campus is much closer to Ann Arbor than it is to its parent institution.

Dr. Hannah and his public-relations people had reason to try to convince the public that Oakland would offer something for the mind. For several years, the word has gone round that almost anybody could be admitted to MSU; and if he couldn't get through the existing courses, new courses would be created for him. *Time*, despite occasional kindnesses, had referred to MSU as "a football-happy giant." President and deans had spent a great deal of their time traveling with the football team—to Hawaii, for instance. In 1953, the Basic College of MSU had announced a deliberate reduction of academic standards, "to keep in step with the times." Several of the better-known faculty members sought other institutions where books still were in tolerable repute. And the legislature began to slice big chunks off the annual MSU appropriation.

So President Hannah announced that MSU was reserving a little corner for the eggheads: the Oakland branch. In that ivory tower, people actually would be allowed to think. Not many of them, naturally: who

wants to think? Some 570 students enrolled for the opening fall term, 1959.

Oakland even acquired a Fighting Dean, one Robert Hoopes, "39, one-time Marine Corps aviator" (according to *Time*) who "laid out his goal: to teach the art of living as well as pure knowledge." (Where have we heard that before? Let's get some healthy impurities into that silly old knowledge.) "We are not interested in producing well-rounded men, but men with sharp, abrasive edges—rebels with clear minds and uncowed consciences, critics of society, not adjusters to it," cried Dean Hoopes.

The Dispensable Professor

Aye, one may envision these sharp, rebellious young men, crewcut like their Fighting Dean, burning with a hard, gemlike flame. "To a degree probably unmatched anywhere in this country, the students will find themselves responsible for their own education through independent study. Our aim is to render the professor dispensable at the earliest possible moment. Our university is a place of the mind, and the mind is an activity, not a repository. In this spirit we invite students to come and learn with us." So said the Dean.

Well, chums, they came, those gallant 570, to study liberal arts, engineering, business, and pedagogy, every student devoting "half his time to humanities" and spending "a full year studying the Far East, Middle East, Africa, and Latin America." They paid their money, and they took their courses. And at the end of the first term, they flunked.

For the faculty members actually had been so foolish as to take seriously the public-relations releases of MSU. They had thought they were supposed to abrade the edges of these clear-minded, rebellious students. They abraded well and truly, so that at term's end, the gallant 570 were as

thoroughly decimated as the Light Brigade at Balaclava. Of 137 students in calculus, 60 failed; of 180 in chemistry, 76 got the boot; of 523 in rhetoric, 58 flunked; of 72 in economics, 32 cashed in their chips; of 128 in political science, 28 bit the dust; etc., etc. For the students seem to have taken to heart the Fighting Dean's admonition that they were there to learn the art of living, not just old nasty—excuse me, pure—knowledge.

The Genial Chancellor

Restrain your tears, friends: unto these unfortunate, hard, gemlike young men came a savior, the Fighting Dean's boss, none other than Oakland Chancellor Durward B. Varner. If you want to be president, chancellor, or dean at MSU, the best preparation for advancement is to rear chickens or run a hotel. President Hannah had chosen the former method, Chancellor Varner the latter. Before his elevation to the chancellorship, Mr. Varner had been director of the Kellogg Center for Continuing Education at East Lansing—which is what the campus hotel is dubbed.

"Some of the instructors were demanding too much," quoth Durwood B. Varner. The freshmen who failed, he decreed, were to be allowed to repeat their courses without penalty. "There are no snap courses at Oakland," the genial Chancellor told the authorities of MSU. "Every one is tough. But we didn't want this rate of attrition."

This act of mercy, according to Mr. Varner, "showed the students there was somebody in the world that loved them." Who loves those flint-hearted instructors, with their archaic passion for pure knowledge? Not Dr. John Hannah, he of the poultry husbandry. The policy of MSU, observed President Hannah, is to check on a professor if he is failing an unusually large number of students.

Oh, those professors are going to be rendered dispensable: don't you worry about that. One more false move like December's flunking, and they'll be out on their ears, learning the art of living. The Fighting Dean may have the fight taken out of him if he doesn't get it through his skull that President Hannah and Chancellor Varner love students—even students as well-rounded as rubber balls, and as soft.

» BOOKS · ARTS · MANNERS «

Beyond Supply and Demand

G. WARREN NUTTER

Beneath the cold and impersonal language of economics, expressed in curves, laws and statistics, lie the personal human relations that form its true subject. Wilhelm Roepke's *A Humane Economy* (Regnery, \$5.00) probes into those relations and reminds us that they will be as cold and impersonal as the language unless the economy rests on humane principles, whose ultimate foundation must be a universal respect for the dignity of the individual.

The only humane economy is the free economy, the world that lives "beyond supply and demand," as the title of the original German version of this work so aptly reads. But what makes an economy free? This is the question Professor Roepke sets out to answer in depth, and his task is not easy. It is nevertheless a task of crucial importance in our day, and Roepke approaches it with the courage and frankness we have come to associate with him and his work. The basic and most difficult problem—the ethical foundation of a free society—is met first; the simplest—the necessary institutional structure—last.

Our discussion will go best if we invert the sequence and treat the easier issue first. As we read this book, we listen to the man who, as much as any other, was responsible for the bold policies that made possible the remarkable rebirth of the West German economy. Nowhere at any time can we find a stronger testimonial to the vitality of a free economy than we find in this rebirth. The prescription given and followed was simple and clear: a stable monetary framework coupled with competitive enterprise, free trade, and ample incentives to private initiative. This is the prescription of classical liberalism, pronounced by all classicists since Adam Smith and denounced by all romanticists since Rousseau. It is a wise prescription for all civilized societies.

That is, of course, the root of the matter: the need for civilization. Laying down a set of policies to be followed by a government does not take us far "beyond supply and demand," as Roepke is quick to see. The real question is how to get a civilized and humane society, one that almost by definition allows freedom to flourish. What matters is the individual conscience of every responsible citizen. There is little to be done if every man insists on deceiving and overpowering

—in the end, fighting and eating—his fellow men. Human life and dignity must be respected by all in all.

To Roepke, the answer to the problem of civilization lies in Christianity and pursuit of the virtuous life, spent in leisurely but serious contemplation, communion with nature, prideful craftsmanship, and recognition of "one's place." He envisages guidance by a natural aristocracy, naturally generated and equally naturally selected and accepted, out of enlightened free choice. Without this guidance of superior intellect, judgment and taste, deriving from the best of tradition, he views society as degenerating, under the guise of democracy and liberty, into progressive "enmassment," turning the individual being into an indistinguishable molecule within the amorphous body of "the people."

Many words are spent in vigorous criticism of the social trappings of our day, in tone and content not unlike the commentaries of "angry young men." Roepke is distressed at the specter of a population engulfing the world, and he sounds the alarm call-

ing on the world to stay the tide. He is distressed at crowded cities, crowded highways, cluttered countryside, popular tastes, mass advertising, and the host of other symbols of our "mass society." He seeks a world of true peace and quiet, where each individual can withdraw or participate as he wishes, with access to the peace of untamed nature.

One can hardly deny that Roepke has put his finger on critical issues, or that his basic solution—a decentrist social order based on respect for the individual—points the way to a free society. But one may wonder whether he has gone much further than defining the problem away. A free order is a civilized and humane order, and it must rest on civilized and humane morals. That is essentially a matter of definition, another way of saying the same thing. Do we add something more when we further substitute the word "Christianity" for "civilized and humane morals"? The word alone, without its meaning spelled out, may stand for many things. Potent tyrannies and totalitarian orders have often been justified in the name of Christianity—and in the name of natural aristocracy and elitism.

WE REMAIN faced with the same question we started with: What makes an economy free? The social phenomena Roepke finds so distasteful and so likely to destroy freedom are the very product of popular choice more or less freely exercised. We may exhort people to behave more intelligently—assuming we know more about this than "they" do—but we cannot make them, any more than we can make them free if they don't want to be.

It is not to Roepke's discredit that he finds no ultimate answers to the riddles of the ages, and it would misrepresent him to say that he believes he has found them. A work of this nature inevitably takes on the color of heroic tragedy, a pleading with mankind to avert the disaster it seems determined to inflict on itself.

What Do We Read History For?

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

THE Wedgwood family, which two hundred years ago produced an elegant and distinguished sort of pottery, has in this generation produced an elegant and distinguished historian. Miss C. V. Wedgwood is an acknowledged authority on the English Civil War period and her books on it are justly admired by a wide lay public.

She is a betwixt-and-between type of person. Her intellectual sympathies lie with Cromwell and the forces of Parliament but her heart belongs to the King and the Cavaliers. Similarly, her writing style is neither wholly that of the austere scholarly historian nor flamboyantly that of the historical popularizer.

She is also a very conscientious person, and these tensions have clearly exercised her a great deal. Her *Truth and Opinion* (Macmillan, \$4.00) is a collection of lectures and articles in which she discusses the nature of the historian's art, or more exactly, the relationship of the historian's work to the art of literature; plus a number of particular studies—of Machiavelli (rather perfunctory), of Gibbon (admirable), and of various aspects of life in England in the years preceding and during the Civil War.

The casual asides of scholarship are often what brings the past alive most vividly. Miss Wedgwood gives us glimpses of the young Edward Gibbon serving as a volunteer in the Hampshire militia, an exercise which he afterwards said had been useful to him in chronicling the mighty wars of Rome; and of Inigo Jones, charged with the preparation of a masque in which the King was to appear, prudently scribbling as a memo on the back of his sketches, "The peece of tymber of ye engyne of ye Kings seate to be strongly nayled and fastened."

The book is full of fruitful ideas. G. M. Young's remark about the historian, for instance:

Movement and continuity are the conceptions with which he works and what aesthetic writers claim a passionate apprehension of form to be to the painter, a passionate apprehension of process is to the historian.

Or her own shrewd observation that

The distinction between style and form is not always clearly made in practice. Style is the surface manner of presentation, the use of words, the shaping of sentences and paragraphs; form is the structure underlying, the ground plan and conception of the book. It is certainly better if a historian has both, but he can, and often does, do without style. He cannot do without form.

But the central theme, to which she returns again and again, is the question of how far it is the historian's proper function to fire the imagination as well as feed the intellect, to recreate the past as opposed to merely cataloguing it. Characteristically, she avoids coming down firmly on one side or the other. Both approaches, she says cautiously, can be misleading in their different ways.

"The historian," observed Sir Philip Sidney, "is captive to the truth of a foolish world"; a truth which he can never fully apprehend but which he

cannot supplement, as the novelist or the poet can, by the free use of his own imagination.

Miss Wedgwood stresses the importance and difficulty of understanding how men's minds worked in the past, and quotes Maitland, who said that if we introduce anachronistic ideas

we shall be doing worse than if we armed Hengist and Horsa with machine-guns or pictured the Venerable Bede correcting proofs for the Press; we shall have built upon a crumbling foundation. The most efficient method of protecting ourselves against such errors is that of reading our history backwards as well as forwards, of making sure of our middle ages before we talk about the "archaic," of accustoming our eyes to the twilight before we go out into the night.

True; but surely in that fine metaphor about the twilight and the night, a prejudice, a preconceived value-judgment has already crept in?

We must, insist many historians, judge the past only by its own standards. But by adopting this method, the historian has already gone far towards rendering himself incapable of understanding the many ages of mankind in which moral relativism

Some Recent Books of Interest

The Constitution of Liberty, by F. A. Hayek (Chicago, \$7.50). A monumental summation of Professor Hayek's lifelong championship of the doctrines of freedom.

Lord Burghley and Queen Elizabeth, by Conyers Read (Knopf, \$10.00). The second and concluding volume of a biography of Queen Elizabeth's great minister—a rich and varied presentation of the climactic years of Elizabeth's reign.

The Soviet Design for a World State, by Elliot R. Goodman (Columbia, \$6.75). An excellent antidote to coexistence illusions, demonstrating that the doctrine of world conquest is integral to Communism. Somewhat weakened by prescriptions for a sub-

ordination of American sovereignty to a supra-national Atlantic Community.

A Canticle for Leibowitz, by Walter M. Miller Jr. (Lippincott, \$4.95). A fantasy of the future which does not try to escape from, but rather deepens, the perennial truths of man's estate.

The Forest and the Sea, by Marston Bates (Random House, \$3.95). A wide-ranging panorama of life in its multifarious aspects, by a zoologist who is also an engaging writer.

Memoirs of World War I, by Brig-Gen. William Mitchell (Random House, \$4.95). The long-awaited memoirs of the stormy petrel of air power.

was unknown or, if it was known, despised as unworthy.

The plain truth is that all historical writing by its nature, by the process of selection, by its effect on the fashionable expectations of its readers, involves prejudice and is conditioned, consciously or unconsciously, by the temperament and opinions of the writer. Even the attempt to be scrupulously fair has its own dangers; for an appearance of impartiality may conceal insinuated prejudice. There is much, therefore, to be said for an open declaration of interest at the start.

What, after all, do we write, or read, history for? Miss Wedgwood

gives a good answer. "The importance of history," she says, "is not that of a science or a system; it is as a record of human beings, a source from which human experience can be studied." But why do we want to study human experience? The ancients, who were greatly interested in the philosophy of history, had a clear-cut answer. Historical writing, they held, should either entertain or edify; if it did neither, it was useless.

This has always seemed to me an eminently sensible criterion. Judged by it, most modern historians, even such lucid and agreeable ones as Miss Wedgwood, do not emerge as very strong performers.

premise, *The Dinner Party* takes eight Parisians from consommé to petits fours on the Ile Saint-Louis. Although nothing amusing or illuminating happens at Mr. Mauriac's dinner party, he manages, craftily, to obscure the truth of the matter for some time by employing a technique so trying that its sheer difficulty implies rare subtleties about to be missed. The novel consists entirely of dialogues and interior monologues, none of them attributed to anyone at the table; you can sometimes tell the players by the publisher's cardboard seating card, sometimes by referring to the dust jacket, and sometimes not at all.

Although M. Mauriac is mainly entranced with the idea that people say one thing and think another (a notion that could strike only a Frenchman as stunningly original), he does appear, later in the party, to have been hinting around about the death-wish of the European bourgeoisie. Cancer is mentioned, and the word sweeps the table, striking rather extraordinary chords in the minds, such as they are, of all eight people. ("No one talks about it," muses one—it is impossible to determine which one—"but no one thinks of anything else.") But that's distinctly tenuous, and reading any intention at all into *The Dinner Party* may be rank Anglo-Saxon optimism. Other than that, the novel's most absorbing problem is whether Bertrand, the host, will ever remember that he once slept with Lucienne, to his left. It might save you some time, irritation, and four dollars to know that he does, on page 289.

JUST AS SNOW and Mauriac reflect, in very inadequate mirrors, their own national traditions (Snow writes the kind of social realism for which Englishmen invented the novel; Mauriac, the stylized, structured social irony that runs in the main channel of French fiction), William Styron works the American novelist's most characteristic and successful vein: that of man's compact with his soul. For his second long novel, *Set This House on Fire* (Random House, \$5.95), he takes as text the John Donne sermon that reads in part: "... God ... hath applied his judgments, and shaken the house, this body, with agues and palsies, and set this house on fire with fevers and calentures, and frightened the Master of the house, my soule, with horrors, and heavy appre-

Fiction Chronicle

Inadequate Mirrors

JOAN DIDION

C. P. SNOW, whose novels read as if they were the products of a collaboration, over sherry, between Anthony Trollope and a speech-writer for Adlai Stevenson, once explained that he writes the way he does because the "wicked, absurd social attitudes" implicit in the way his contemporaries write had helped to bring "Auschwitz that much nearer." (This hallucination, that novels *make things happen*, is common among people who write them.) Mr. Snow's own novels are as far from Auschwitz as they are from Agincourt; they constitute instead the literature of the National Health Service, and celebrate a world of committees, compromise, decisions and revisions, a world in which Civil-Service Hamlets Behave Well in Difficult Situations.

In his soporific, best-selling *The Affair* (Scribner's, \$4.50), Mr. Snow's quivering protagonist is again Lewis Eliot, whose monumentally uninteresting socio-emotional anatomy has been probed in more novels than that of Lanny Budd. (Three more are promised.) In *The Affair*, Eliot aligns himself with the "liberal and speculative" element of Cambridge to defend a Fellow accused of scientific fraud. The accused is an unattractive Fellow; the accusers have among them the devious, ulterior, and merely lazy motives of the human condition. The intention here is familiar: we are again watching an institution

(Justice, this inning) at bat against the frailties of those who serve it—a favorite conflict among those "liberal and speculative" novelists who are perpetually astonished at mortal imperfections, those tender-but-right-minded souls who are forever discovering afresh that an apple is gone from the Tree of Knowledge, and rushing to register a complaint with the proper bureau. Lionel Trilling once defined "the desperate weakness" of Liberalism as an inadequacy of imagination: "Liberalism is always being surprised." Mr. Snow and his admirers count among the chronically surprised.

UNLIKE the English, who almost always have some "genuinely difficult situation" or another in mind, the French have long labored under the delusion that good novels can be written about anything. (When Henry James complained of the application of Flaubert's brilliance to intrinsically uninteresting, ignoble characters, everyone snickered that James had missed, after all, the point. I wonder.) When asked the subject of his new novel, a character in Claude Mauriac's *The Dinner Party* (Braziller, \$4.00) thinks: "What is it about! As if that mattered in the slightest. One could write about anything. Everything is a microcosm." A book that seems to have been inanely conceived and irritatingly executed on that very

hensions, and so made an entrance into me. . . ."

Styron's protagonist-on-fire is Cass Kinsolving, a young Southerner, alcoholic, ulcer-ravaged, and a fool, who takes his bewildered Catholic wife and children on a tortured pilgrimage through Europe, a night journey that reaches its destination on the coast of Italy, where Cass meets Mason Flagg. A rich young American who travels with "a couple of de Koonings, a Toastmaster" and a *New Yorker*-reading Finch girl ("Oh, Muffin, I read the most fascinating profile on old Ding Dong the Dahlia King!"), Mason Flagg degrades; Cass cries to be degraded. By the end of the party, an Italian girl has been raped and killed, and Mason Flagg lies dead. The Finch girl goes on phenobarbital, and Cass goes home to South Carolina.

Set This House on Fire is about twice as long as it should be; even cut in half, and despite Mr. Styron's sure evocation of every milieu he touches, it would be nowhere near as good a novel as his first, *Lie Down in Darkness*. But he is still in possession of an immensely effective technique, based upon the replaying of scenes. It is as if three people were to describe to you a party, and the single image common to their stories was that of a girl singing "Bye Bye Blackbird" in the kitchen around midnight. You know (they do not) that at the moment "Bye Bye Blackbird" was sung somewhere, suicide was attempted in the bathroom. This is a theatrical, rhetorical technique that could easily verge upon the shoddy; Mr. Styron handles it with great flashy success. And although *Set This House on Fire* fails in a number of ways, Mr. Styron is still running far ahead of the pack.

ALTHOUGH the crucial action of *Set This House on Fire* takes place in Italy, it is about Americans. Two new books, and two is about par for a month, are about Italians. (It was in quite another era when Henry James could observe that some people "—I believe they are mainly editors and publishers—won't look at Italians.") P. M. Pasinetti's *Venetian Red* (Random House, \$4.95) is an over-long (all the Random House editors appear to have spent the year out having lunch with Alfred Knopf), somnambulistic account of the play between two families, the declining

Partibons and the rising Massolas, during the years just previous to World War II. From covert incest to overt Fascism, everything in *Venetian Red* happens underwater; all the human passions seem to be sinking into the Gulf, along with the Partibon family cemetery. "It's sinking. It's going down," wails an aunt. "All of Venice, as everyone knows, is sinking into the water: a little bit every year. . . . I wake up at night and see our dear ones under water, in the mud of the lagoon; I see them all submerged. . . ." "Everything on earth," her nephew tells her, "moves." Betrayed by its very point, *Venetian Red* seems to have been written in one long declining swoon.

There might have been the same problem in *The Leopard* (Pantheon, \$4.50), the single novel written by Giuseppe di Lampedusa before his death in 1957. Again, power is changing hands; this is Sicily during the Garibaldian era, and the protagonist is a Sicilian prince, Don Fabrizio, whose most effective legacy is to encourage the marriage of his nephew

to the daughter of Don Calogero, a peasant on the make. What saves *The Leopard* is its author's dry, unhysterical feeling for the long pull, his sense of what characterizes a rising class: not venality (the aristocratic Partibons, in *Venetian Red*, are up against cardboard Fascists) but a blend of brute stupidity and brilliance that maintains its strength only until its purpose is achieved. Already taking lessons from the declining class, the peasants in *The Leopard* have begun their own decline: "It would be rash to affirm that Don Calogero drew an immediate profit from what he had learned; he did try to shave a little better and complain a little less about the waste of laundry soap; but from that moment there began, for him and his family, that process of continual refining which in the course of three generations transforms innocent peasants into defenseless gentry." The very failure in *The Leopard* is that it is a book not about people but about this historical necessity; its characters play assigned roles, and engage the imagination no more than do the figures on a cameo.

Movies

Clown vs. Comedian

GARRY WILLS



AMERICAN reviewers were in almost unanimous agreement, this spring, that Peter Sellers now challenges the position of Alec Guinness as master of English screen comedy. *Time* even spoke of the things Sellers has learned from Guinness in order to beat him at his own game. Fortunately, this widely advanced comparison can be tested. *The Mouse That Roared* is being given broad American distribution, and Guinness at his best can still be seen in *Our Man in Havana*. In some places the two films are being conveniently billed together.

Alec Guinness is a wonderfully disciplined actor, who, in his comedies, maintains the precisely etched lines of a single character, while the lines of the surrounding world are crazily dissolving. The whole trick is in his maintenance of this incongruous role, and Guinness carries it off because he is an actor. Peter Sellers is not an

actor; he is that far nobler thing—a clown. He is a mimic, a manipulator of his voice, a self-caricaturist who incorporates in that ever-changing self all the things that cry for caricature. The actor plays in a part, the clown plays with it, slipping out and looking back at it, joining his audience and laughing at the simulacrum he has left standing on the stage. Purists object to this, but it is the method of Aristophanes, Shakespeare and Rabelais. Shakespeare had the writer's fear of ad-libbing clowns, but Armin brought new depth into comedies when he joined Shakespeare's troupe; he made the clown step out of the action to reflect and refract its lights in different ways, striking at the audience from many different directions. The clown in Shakespeare is the play's consciousness of itself.

The comparison of Sellers and Guinness is based on the American

misconception of the English. "English comedy" means, to our reviewers, wryly understated and ironic pieces, the kind that normally reach our art theaters. But England is the only country in the world which continues to support "music halls," variety shows and slapstick comedy. The vaudeville styles on the English stage and television make Ed Sullivan's show look like Playhouse 90. The real English tradition in humor descends from the *Wife of Bath* and *Falstaff*, Toby Belch and Sarah Gamp, Mickey and Mantilini. The most popular film comedian in England is not Alec Guinness but Danny Kaye.

Sellers got his training, not, as *Time* suggests, at Guinness re-runs, but on the BBC's "Goon Show." Sellers and two others created, with three voices and a few sound effects, a thronged and topsy-turvy world as real to many Englishmen as Pogo's swamp was, for a while, in this country. Americans got a sample of this spontaneous creativity when Sellers appeared on the Jack Paar show, while it was visiting in London, and actually brought it to life.

In *The Mouse That Roared*, Sellers is able to play with three parts. Of Grand Fenwick, the world's smallest country, he is the adenoidal old Queen, the slick prime minister, and the bumbling field marshal. Grand Fenwick is a bankrupt nation, so the minister decides to declare war on the U.S. They will lose without a drop of blood being shed, then sit back and collect war indemnities (which Americans, perversely, always pay when they win). Thirteen bowmen are dispatched to invade New York City. They land in an empty city (an air raid is on) and stumble into the laboratory of an atomic physicist. Rashly deciding to win the war, they capture physicist and bomb, one general and three policemen; and sail home. (The general blusters to his captors: "I know the Geneva Con-

vention by heart." Sellers, as the Queen: "How nice, you must recite it for us sometime.") As country after country takes up the cause of Grand Fenwick, hoping to get the bomb, America is forced to surrender. Dictating the peace terms, Sellers the field marshal demands a million dollars damages. The State Department official asks, "You mean a billion, don't you? We spent more than a billion on one small town in Germany." Sellers: "Yes, but they lost."

As in the best films of Danny Kaye or the Marx Brothers, the action accelerates, toward the climax, into a world of pure unreason, where extraneous images of all sorts are wild-

ly introduced, like the filmed atomic explosion that punctuates one chase scene, or the surrealist football game which Sellers wins by touching the bomb down over the chalked national boundary of Grand Fenwick.

Our Man in Havana is Graham Greene's successful excursus into comedy. He calls up a picture of England's intelligence service that resembles Dickens' Circumlocution Office. Guinness, caught in the machinery, smiles wryly through as ever. The comedy sickens into commentary toward the end—Greene's normal theme, that universal compassion makes national loyalty silly.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

NUCLEAR POLICY FOR WAR AND PEACE, by Thomas E. Murray (World, \$4.00). Conservatives will find little to admire in either the rhetoric or the value premises of this book, for the author accepts and likes to repeat at length most of Liberalism's favored dogmas about the "cold war." We may nonetheless be grateful for a work that, whatever its root assumptions, offers counsel on the subject of nuclear-weapons testing that is something more than mindless pacifism. Although himself an early advocate of banning atmospheric tests, Murray (for seven years a member of the Atomic Energy Commission) has some slashing criticisms of the Administration's fourteen-month moratorium on all atomic explosions—a policy he views as an irrational surrender to fear-crazed "world opinion." The rest of the book may safely be ignored, but the two chapters on "Disarmament and Testing" will reward careful reading.

M. S. EVANS

A SEPARATE PEACE, by John Knowles (Macmillan, \$3.50). The story is of two boys at preparatory school, one of them the satellite, though with gravitational powers of his own, the other a miracle of physical harmony and human grace; and of an impulsive parricide by which, as conclusively as by pouring water on a witch, the lesser man destroys the chimerical powers of his devoted friend—an act of willful-

ness he never understands, but which catapults him out of adolescence, into a conscious congruity with the grown-up world of anarchic passion and tragedy. Forget the allegory, and read a novel of crystal beauty and paradigmatic form, as free of psychoanalytical cant and sexual grime as Salinger's prototype was full of it; and pray that John Knowles, by the strength of his will and the force of his art, has drained the fever-swamp in which the preponderant literature of youth has for a dozen years incubated. The book is a masterpiece.

W. F. BUCKLEY JR.

BEDFORD FORREST, by Andrew Lytle (McDowell, Obolensky, \$5.95). The Civil War produced heroes by the bushel, but none quite like Nathan Bedford Forrest. In an age of giants he managed to stand out, and Mr. Lytle makes this biography as fast-moving as one of Forrest's raids. Unlike most of the South's leaders, Forrest was no aristocrat; he had been a prewar slave trader. Nor was he, like most generals on both sides, a West Pointer. He was a rough-cut military genius, a tireless and ruthless campaigner who earned his reputation as the Confederacy's "fightinest" general. His tactics have been classics ever since for soldiers the world over (the German generals who *blitzkrieged* Europe studied Forrest carefully). So clever was he, and so great his reputation in the mind of the

(Continued on p. 436)

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To the Editor

Keynes Rejected

It is perfectly true, as Professor Van Den Haag says ["Must Conservatives Reject Keynes?" June 4], that Lord Keynes' prescriptions "do not involve nationalization; or any form of government activity or control, *not now pursued.*" (My italics.) Certainly he is right that Keynesism differs from Marxism in preferring indirect methods of state control over the nationalizing Marxist program. But the crux of the matter is in the phrase "not now pursued." The enemy of statism regards the economic policies *now* pursued by government as already intolerable to the long-term preservation of a free society, and the Keynesian doctrines of government direction of the flow of capital and income as quite enough to destroy the functioning of a truly free economy and engineer the aggrandizement of the state.

The manipulated pensions, the manipulated control of currency Professor Van Den Haag champions are the very stuff of statism. He can support the doctrines of Lord Keynes, or he can support limited government. He cannot do both.

Cambridge, Mass.

JOHN BROAD

Although Mr. Van Den Haag raises some interesting points in his article, I seem to remember that FDR tried his remedy of "spontaneous cure" in the Great Depression, and it didn't work. In fact, almost a decade of priming wouldn't start the pump.

Wichita, Kans.

L. S. ABBOTT

SANE and the Communists

As a member of the National Committee For a Sane Nuclear Policy I wholeheartedly endorse the point made the other day by Senator Thomas Dodd of Connecticut that the "Sane" organization (like other organizations, business concerns, churches, meat-markets, gas-stations, etc.) ought to be constantly on the alert for attempts at Communist infiltration.

I personally am grateful to have discovered that Henry Abrams (described by you as "a veteran Communist") worked as organizer for the recent Madison Square Garden rally,

and I am gratified to learn that when Abrams' affiliations were brought to the attention of Norman Cousins, NCFSNP Chairman, Mr. Cousins immediately dismissed him. I wonder, however, whether it was just careless reporting or something less flattering that made you omit mention of Abrams' dismissal from your story of June 11. The dismissal, certainly, makes *all the difference.*

Conservatives are quite right in pointing out that some sort of test-ban is recommended by both Nikita Khrushchev and the National Committee For a Sane Nuclear Policy. But unless your readers are reminded that such a recommendation has also been made by Pope Pius XII, President Eisenhower, Vice President Nixon, Senator Kennedy, Adlai Stevenson, Alf Landon, Albert Schweitzer, and—well, millions of other anti-Communists—they may be led (one hopes not by design) to draw an entirely incorrect conclusion.

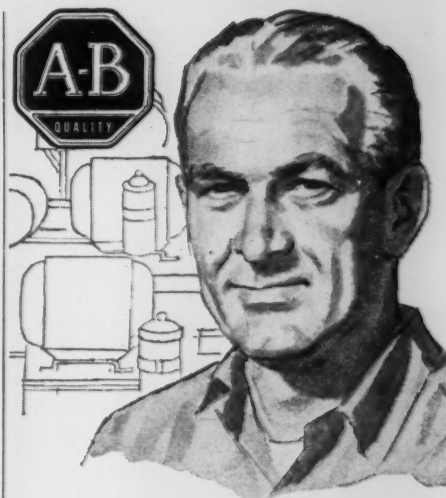
John Courtney Murray, S.J., has just described nuclear bombs as "morally unusable." What say you of his opinion? Is he right, wrong, a "dupe," a "Pink," a "fuzzy-minded Liberal" or what?

Keep up your anti-Communist fight and more power to you with it. But there are rules.

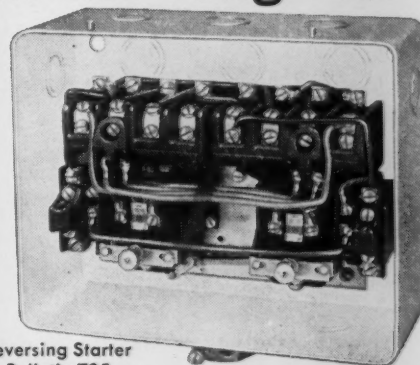
Hollywood, Cal.

STEVE ALLEN

1) The paragraph on the SANE rally in Madison Square Garden made the point that the Communists were the most vociferous members of the audience, and the reference to Abrams' Communist affiliations was done en passant. The story of his subsequent dismissal was widely reported one week before our issue was published.
2) The attempt to co-opt Pope Pius XII (posthumously), Eisenhower, Nixon et al. as supporters of SANE's policies is only a little less horrifying than the implication that anyone who backs SANE is pro-Communist (we have never made the latter implication). Proposition A: Everyone who backs SANE is deluded. Proposition B: Everyone who backs Communism is deluded. Therefore, C: Everyone who backs SANE is a Communist? WRONG: The fallacy of the undis-



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tributed middle. The first proposition, however, does not suffer, and we reaffirm it. 3) Father John Courtney Murray denies ever having made any such statement about nuclear bombs, or ever having suggested they were "morally unusable" ("I should hope to say something more discriminating about the problem")—which makes Reader Allen "wrong" in attributing the statement to him; a "dupe" to those who are passing around the word that that is what he said; and maybe even a "fuzzy-minded Liberal" for believing a man of Father Murray's intellectual rigor would say anything so simplistic. 4) We agree with Reader Allen that organizations ought to be constantly on the alert against Communist and pro-Communist influence, and will be relieved upon hearing that his views have prevailed within SANE, at least to the extent of dismissing veteran Communist apologists Linus Pauling and Cyrus Eaton from their positions of executive responsibility. 5) We appreciate Mr. Allen's good wishes, return them, and invite him (sincerely) to write again when he understands us to be breaking the rules. We will either reform, or change the rules.

—ED.

Thanks, Mr. Evejue

I read your editorial ["The Testament of W. T. Evejue," June 18] hastily, but if I understand it correctly, Mr. William Evejue, editor of the Madison Capital-Times, is waging a fight to bring recognition to the great work of Senator Joseph McCarthy. I should like to express my thanks to Mr. Evejue for his courage and penetration, and hope others will too.

EDWARD EVERETT ESTEY
Coon River, Mont.

Actor Robards Upheld

... As a serious student of drama, I must vehemently protest Mr. Parmentel's completely erroneous remarks ["Watch on the Mississippi," May 21] concerning one of the brightest lights of the American theater, Jason Robards Jr. He states that Robards has never approached the edge he achieved in *The Iceman Cometh*, and wonders if Mr. Robards' talents have been squandered on a one-shot performance.

Where was Mr. Parmentel when Mr. Robards was winning the plaudits of the critics for his performances in

Long Day's Journey into Night or *The Disenchanted*? In the former production, he virtually stole the spotlight from veteran troupers Fred-eric March and Florence Eldridge, no mean task for any actor.

Regarding [Mr. Parmentel's] critique of *Toys in the Attic*, I can but refer him to the comments of qualified critics and to the awards it has already garnered. . . .

New York City

JAMES J. RYAN

Major Symington's Sword

I should like to inquire of Mr. Chamberlain about the surrender of a sword by Major Symington, C. S. A., of Maryland at Appomattox ["Stuart Symington: Everybody's Second Choice," May 21].

Here is a letter [from General Grant to General Lee]:

In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of N. Va. on the following terms, to-wit:

... The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them.

This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

... it is a most unpleasant picture that Mr. Chamberlain gives of a combat Major of the Army of Northern Virginia, who was under a compulsion at Appomattox to find someone to whom he might surrender his sword before turning his face toward the north and home. If Mr. Chamberlain knows what he was writing about, he should, in fairness to Major Symington's memory, explain the circumstances under which the Major's sword was surrendered.

Williamsburg, Va.

R. E. LEE

"Intelligent Approach"

... I want to say that I find each issue of your magazine a delight. Not only do you have an extremely intelligent approach to the affairs of state, but it is a pleasure to read good writing—the good Lord knows there is very little of that around these days. I hope that you will enjoy continued success with your publication. . . .

Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN B. O'DONNELL

LYNDON JOHNSON

(Continued from p. 423)

man" on foreign policy as he is on other things.

Through his domination of the Senate and his control of the crucial policy, majority and steering committees, Johnson should theoretically be able to use the closing days of the current congressional session to make a record that will be useful at Los Angeles. But the type of bill that seems to be uppermost in Democratic minds is the bill for excessive spending—on education, on medical aid to the aged and so on—that is destined for White House veto. Anyway, since all of the Democratic candidates are for the same sort of thing, Johnson will be hard put to gain any special kudos for a ripsnorting congressional wind-up aside from those that naturally accrue to him as a technician. His main missionary work remains to be done in the field: if he could persuade more northern Negroes, such as C. R. Woodward of Binghamton, N.Y., a director of the Interracial Association who has commended Johnson, calling him the only practical champion of racial minority rights, it would do more for his hopes at Los Angeles than anything else. What Johnson needs to put him over at the convention is a break in the big minority-dominated northern states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, where he has no immediately discernible support.

At that, he must be accorded a good chance. Looked at logically, nobody on the visible horizon can possibly get the Democratic nomination. Kennedy, who has lots of delegates, has looked weak as a potential national leader ever since he inferentially sent his "regrets" to Khrushchev at the Summit; Stevenson can be tagged all too easily as an appeaser; Symington stirs no passions; Humphrey is out of it; Chester Bowles has had a hard time winning in his home state of Connecticut; and Johnson is billed as anathema to the North. But if Kennedy doesn't win the nomination in some unforeseen manner on a fairly early ballot, there is an argument that might swing the delegates to Johnson. The rationale of victory has been set forth by Tommy Corcoran, the old New Dealer whose political acumen has not been deadened by his latter-day career as a money-maker. Assuming a checkered voting pattern in

the North, it is Corcoran's theory that the 1960 election may very well be determined in the South, where Nixon might take electoral votes from any Democrat other than Symington or Johnson. Since it involves a terrific wrench of the imagination to see leisurely Stu Symington slugging it out with the pertinacious Nixon over a long stretch, the South-will-decide-it theory clearly points to Johnson as the Democratic nominee.

With Johnson chosen to fight Nixon, there would be no clear-cut choice for voters, whether conservative or Liberal. But at least Khrushchev would be "out" of the election and the American people would not be presented with the temptation to vote their own eclipse. We would be saved as a nation that much earlier, which is one good reason why conservatives must hope it will be "L.B.J., All the Way" at Los Angeles next month.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from p. 432)

enemy, that he often won important victories with little or no fighting—which is the ultimate military accomplishment.

Although this book was first issued in 1931, time has not hurt it much. After all, there is little original Civil War material to be discovered; in fact, most of the books now being reissued (for the Centennial) are better than the new ones. Mr. Lytle has made few changes in this revised edition. He is willing to let it stand on its merits, which are considerable, although there are opinions expressed which, obviously, Mr. Lytle no longer holds. He says as much in a new preface which is itself worth the price of the book. It is a brilliant essay on the war which destroyed the old Union and established a new one, a Union not more perfect, but more binding.

J. P. MCFADDEN

A PROPER MONETARY AND BANKING SYSTEM FOR THE UNITED STATES, by James W. Bell and Walter E. Spahr, eds. (Ronald Press, \$6.00). When the New Deal confiscated the people's gold in 1933, for the duration of the "emergency," the great bulk of America's economists urged an end to the fiat experiments and a prompt return to the gold standard. But man's adaptability to bad situations is limitless, and now only a few lonely souls want to take this elemental first step in eradicating socialized money and built-in inflation. This is a joint work of nine members of the Economists' National Committee on Monetary Policy, a group dedicated to repealing the monetary New Deal, and returning to the *status quo ante* 1933. Unfortunately, they cherish the evils as well as the merits of the pre-New Deal system, which, after all, contained the seeds of our managed money—especially of monetary manipulation by the Federal Reserve System. Two factors will reduce the impact of the book: a) the authors stubbornly ignore modern theoretical developments and persist in fallacies dating back to Adam Smith; and b) it is so poorly edited that few will plow through the morass.

M. N. ROTHBARD

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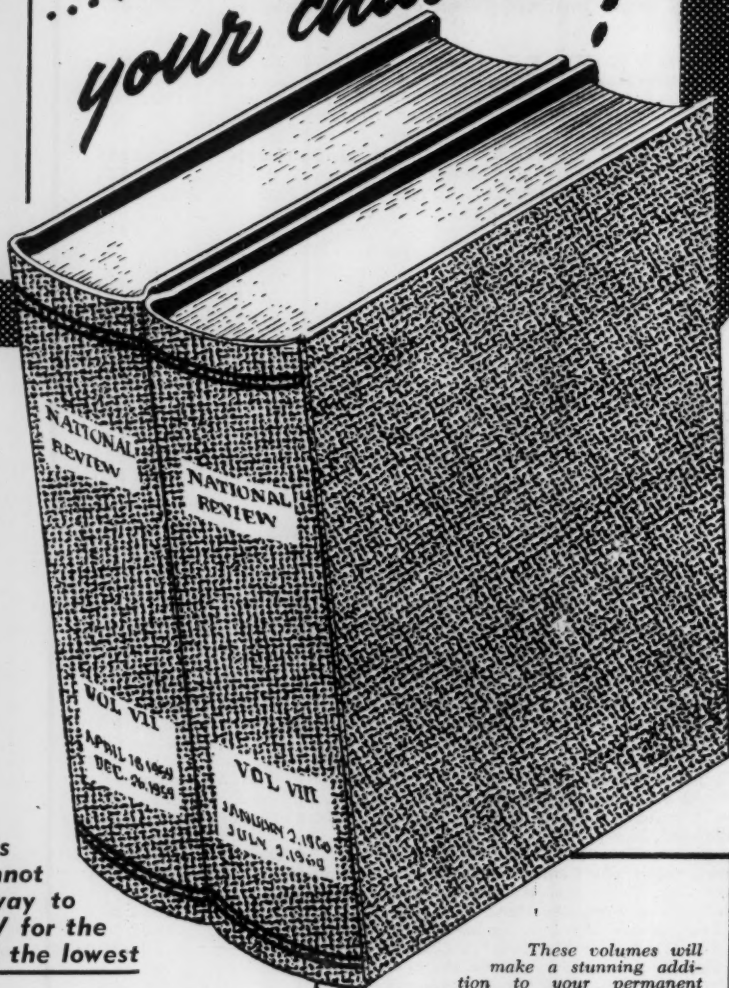
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